THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIII.—No. 1203

JANUARY 5, 1927

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

NEW YEAR'S NUMBER

The BYSTANDER

1/-

Cap Martin Hotel

Between

MONTE CARLO AND MENTONE

Finest Site on the Riviera.

Open December to May

Delightfully situated on the Point of the Pine-clad Cape, being the fashionable district of Monte Carlo within 15 minutes by Motor. Renowned Cuisine.

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

Howard's (OWN MAKE) Parquet Flooring

BEST FOR DANCING.

HOWARD & SONS LTD
25 26 27 BERNERS ST W.1

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Trust Dinneford's

The regular use of Dinneford's Magnesia has been proved in thousands of cases during the past hundred years to afford relief in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c., and is widely recommended by Doctors.

A mild, safe aperient for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia is most dangerous to take as it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

Kunzle

"The Charm of Flavour"

CHOCOLATES

(MADE IN BIRMINGHAM)

PATENT CREAMS. No. 19215.

19, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.
Head Office: FIVE WAYS, BIRMINGHAM.
Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

MERIT WINS!

BORWICK'S

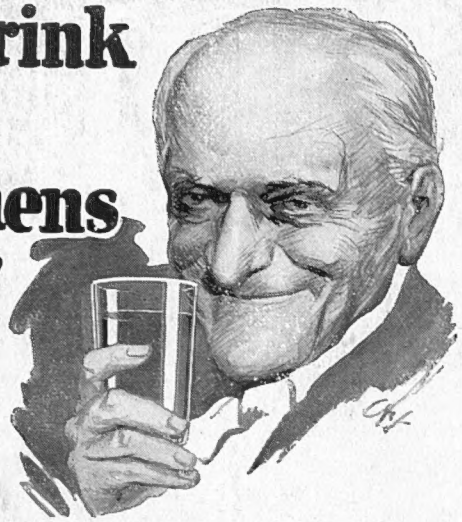
BAKING POWDER

GIVES SUCCESS EVERY TIME

The BEST in the world for baking light wholesome Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies.

INSIST ON HAVING BORWICK'S

The drink that lengthens life!



"A man is as old as his arteries."

SOFT WATER, taken morning and evening, will protect you from the arterial calcification that conduces to old age.

BY keeping chalk out of your system you keep at bay rheumatism, gout, gravel, and many other ailments in which lime and uric acid join forces.

FIX A "PERMUTIT" WATER SOFTENER on your supply main, and let your household enjoy the inestimable hygienic benefits of soft water.

Easily fixed. Requires no attention. Prices from £5.

The **PERMUTIT**

HOUSEHOLD WATER SOFTENER

Write for "List P."

UNITED WATER SOFTENERS LIMITED,

Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

This is a "WOOD-FIRE" WINTER!

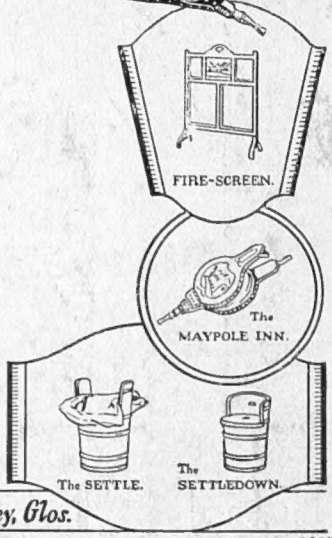
JUST the thing for keeping logs or coal in, Lister fireside Tubs (with seats) are fine—and for reviving lazy fires you can't beat Lister long-handled Bellows.

The Lister Tubs and Bellows are novel hearth furnishings of utility, distinction, and charm. *Why not select your New Year Gifts* from the large range shown in our catalogues, sent free on request?

LISTER TUBS AND BELLOWS *and* **FIRE-SCREENS**

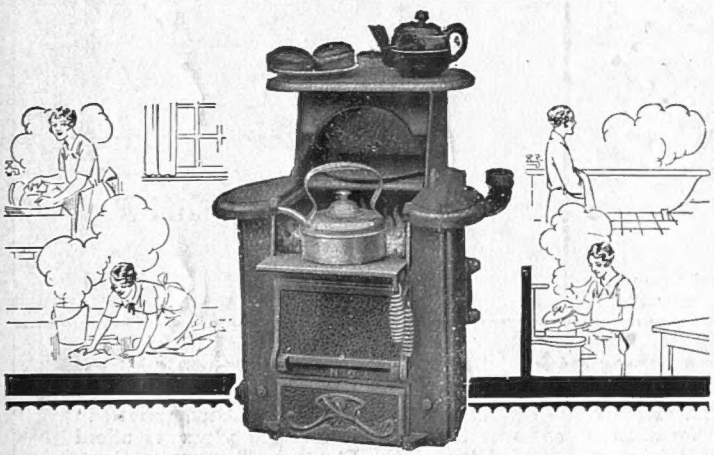
Coopered & Hand-carved

Write for Catalogues.



R. A LISTER & CO. LTD. *Dursley, Glos.*

L. 262B



Always plenty of HOT WATER

With the "Domestikatum" boiler there is always plenty of hot water for baths and household duties, and you have also a pleasant open fire which brightens up the kitchen, and on which light cooking can be done. Work is made easy; fuel is saved, and the very acme of efficiency obtained.

Prices from £4 17 6

The Domestikatum Boiler

Write for leaflet telling you all about it.

JONES & ATTWOOD Ltd., Titan Boiler Works, STOURBRIDGE.

NOW READY.

THE

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS ILLUSTRATED

SEASON 1926

A unique and exclusive record, including **8 pages** in full colour and scores of other illustrations in black and white, depicting scenes from

All the famous operas produced this season

taken at Princes Theatre exclusively for the above record, by arrangement with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte

The price of this delightful Winter Gift is **3/6,** or **3/10** post free from the—

Publisher of the GILBERT & SULLIVAN PUBLICATIONS, The Offices of "THE SPHERE," Great New St., E.C.4

The Bystander, January 5, 1927 No. 1203. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

Vandyk

BON VOYAGE!

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, who leave to-morrow (Thursday) in H.M.S. Renown on their voyage to the Antipodes. They take with them the good wishes of the whole nation and are assured of a hearty welcome "down under"

IN EXILE

The Hunting Man Speaks

THE town beside the tropic bay
Lies drowsing in the noontide heat
That beats upon the dusty street
Where ragged native children play;
And through the palms the breezes stray
Whilst parakeets screech overhead—
Would that dear memories were dead:
They're hunting with the Quorn to-day!

The gaudy picture fades away,
And in our thoughts we ride again
At easy jog-trot through the rain
'Neath English skies of sombre grey,
To join the meet out Shepshed way
A spanking run, a red-hot scent,
The coppice reached and Reynard spent—
We're hunting with the Quorn to-day!

But now the hounds' excited bay
Gives place to dreary camel bell
And we return again to hell,
A hell that's decked in colours gay
Where, exiled from our homes, we stay.
God! How these Eastern splendours tire—
In green-sloped rainy Leicestershire
They're hunting with the Quorn to-day!

CHRISTOPHER GRAVILLE

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Have You a Nickname?

I HAVE always been interested in the psychology of nicknames. Why one man never has one—why another man is never addressed in any other way, and the manner in which a childish pet name will stick to him through the whole of his career.

A Topical Turn

THIS point has been given a topical turn by the death of Mr. A. F. Bettinson, of the National Sporting Club. In spite of the fact that he was by way of being an autocrat and did not encourage the familiarity, he was known as "Peggy" to the end of his long life. How did it come about that this relic of his nursery days persisted through the varying vicissitudes of a strenuous career? How did it follow him to school and later into his business life? One would imagine there were gaps that childish associations could not bridge. Yet this quaint name, given to a child because he held his knife in his left hand, stuck to him all his days, and will be more permanently associated with his memory than anything his friends may write on his tombstone.

Testing Titles

IS a nickname a sign of popularity? One has always supposed so. I know men who have gone through life envying their fellows the jesting titles bestowed on them by their friends. Yet sometimes a nickname seems to carry with it more than a touch of derision, though such derision is usually of the good-natured kind. Sometimes a man's Christian name does duty in this respect. Nelson Keys is known widely as "Bunch," while Messrs. Graves & Robey are the twin Georges of the theatre world. On the other hand, I have never heard that Norman McKinnell has a nickname. Here, you feel, is an austerity which would not permit such familiarity; though it is possible that this excellent player of strong, silent parts hungers in secret for the happy diminutive.

In the Basque Country

ONCE a year the BYSTANDER goes to Biarritz in the interests of that Entente Cordiale which is our dominating passion. Special numbers are produced, in which pictures and paragraphs appear, but I have an uneasy feeling that a humorous writer in a New York weekly gives a more vivid idea of the neighbourhood than we have achieved so far: "They've a harchitecture hall their own, kind of lop-sided, it is, one side of the roof much longer than the other, with gay-colored shutters and doors, and wide kind of balconies, with vines trained to make porches; that sweet they are you feel you'd like to 'ave one for your very own. And the people—they're kindly, simple creatures, good-lookin' and honest and friendly-like."

A Stock Joke

WHY is the idea of sea-sickness considered so excruciatingly funny by the ordinary person? If you see a person suffering in this way, he appears anything but amusing, yet it becomes a sure-fine laughter-raiser in the comic papers and on the films. The latest example of this in *New Klondyke* was responsible for much hearty and seasonable merriment, but the traveller to Switzerland or the Riviera who betrayed amusement at the sufferings of his fellow passengers would probably be thrown overboard. Sea-sickness is just one of the stock jokes, like

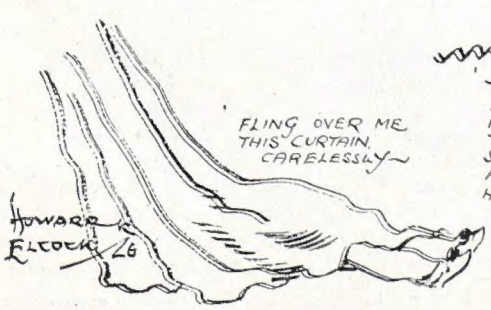
'WHY ONE MAN NEVER HAS A NICK-NAME — WHY ANOTHER IS NEVER ADDRESSED IN ANY OTHER WAY —'

IS A NICKNAME A SIGN OF POPULARITY—?

'WHY IS THIS IDEA OF SEA-SICKNESS CONSIDERED SO EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY?

MY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER TRYING TO PERSUADE US THAT WE ARE FAR MORE CHEERFUL THAN WE IMAGINE —

'HOW AWFUL TO KNOW THAT THERE IS SOMEONE SITTING AT HOME COUNTING YOUR DRINKS —'



THE "MAN AT THE DOOR": "MAY I COME IN?"

By David Wilson

lodgers and mothers-in-law, and is considered just as funny for just as little reason.

A Cheery Business

My Sunday paper, which spends most of its time trying to persuade us that we are far more cheerful than we really imagine, printed a column of Christmas Eve news on the morning after Christmas Day "for the benefit of those people who did not have an opportunity of reading an evening paper during the day." The first cheery paragraph thus salved from the limbo of forgotten things was a death from heart failure; the second described a fire in the city; the third told how a Dalston woman was burned to death; the fourth concerned a will in which I was not mentioned, and the whole cheery affair finished up with an account of a train collision in which sixteen people were killed!

A Dinner in Wales

I am afraid this new invention by means of which pictures will be broadcast will prove a rather mixed blessing. Professional performers will probably welcome the innovation, but what of those unwilling amateurs who attend public dinners? How awful to know that there is someone sitting at home counting your drinks and studying your every action. There was a dinner down in Wales that sounded a bit hectic as it came across the wireless waves, and I tremble to think what it must have looked like. If it is repeated I shall probably be able to see for myself.

"The Barker"

Those of us who followed the career of *Liliom* when this story of "a Barker" was so triumphantly produced by the Stage Guild in New York have found it very difficult to understand the different fortunes it has encountered on this side. First as *The Daisy* at the Kingsway, and now at the Duke of York's under its original title, it has failed to reproduce its great trans-Atlantic success, though it may yet settle down into a money-spinner if the admirers of Ivor Novello and Fay Compton betray sufficient enthusiasm for their idols.

Critics Fail in their Function

Most of the critics who have been antagonistic to the later revival fail in their critical function, in that they do not attempt to discover in what way virtue has gone out of the play. The presence of a little artificial smoke in the auditorium could scarcely be held responsible. Is it that the authors have failed to realise the poetry in the character of "the Barker"? In Granville Barker's version of *Deburau*, you remember, there was a similar character who spoke the prologue and delivered the epilogue. But along what different literary lines his part was cast:—

> Playgoers of Paris,
> The performance is just about to begin.
> And he who tarries
> Stands a very good chance of not getting in . . . .

Words from the Well

Suppose that the authors of *Liliom* had been able to draw their words from the well in which Granville Barker found such passages as these:—

> When I've to be carried away,
> Don't stifle me with the pall
> Of a solemn funeral.
> Fling over me
> This curtain, carelessly,
> That the people you meet on the way
> May look and smile and say
> "Why at last that poor buffoon
> Of a Pierrot's flown back to the moon."

How long will it take managers to learn that the adaptation of a play with a poetic idea calls for more qualities than the hack translator is able to provide?

A Strain On His Optimism

BY E. T. REED

STANLEY: "Well! *I've* got a nice, cheery, sociable little stocking-full, I *must* say!"

Photopress

THE CHIEF SCOUT IN SOUTH AFRICA

Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell were accorded a wonderful reception when they visited Pretoria to attend a great rally of Boy Scouts. In the above photograph Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell are seen at Government House with the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone

AT DUNGAVEL *Topical*

Some of those who were present at Dungavel at the presentation of gifts to the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton on the occasion of their silver wedding from the tenantry, employees and tradesmen. The Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale (centre), who is heir to the Dukedom, presided

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Christmas

THE observance of Christmas at Sandringham followed in every detail the arrangements made by Queen Alexandra during all the Christmases she reigned there as Princess of Wales, as Queen, and as Queen-Mother.

There was the same big Christmas tree nearly reaching to the ceiling of the ball-room, gaily decorated and ablaze with lights, with the King and Queen's presents to their children, their guests, and their household all heaped up on a large table. And there was the same gathering, too, all round the tree, and the same distribution of presents as at every Christmas since the King was a little boy. Everything was just as it was throughout the many years Queen Alexandra lived at Sandringham.

Princess Mary spent Christmas at Harewood House with her father- and mother-in-law, the Earl and Countess of Harewood, but her four brothers were at Sandringham. The Duke and Duchess of York had to leave the day after Boxing Day because of the many arrangements still to be made for their journey to Australia and New Zealand. The Prince of Wales stayed until the end of Christmas week, when he went to Melton Mowbray after some good hunting with the West Norfolk.

Prince George, I hear, has brought back some beautiful Chinese curios from his eighteen months' service on the China Station as gifts to the King and Queen, and these are to be placed in a room at Sandringham which the Queen is having decorated in the Chinese manner.

P. and A.

A ROYAL HONEYMOON

The Crown Prince and Princess of Belgium photographed at Brussels on their arrival back from their honeymoon. This was spent partly on the Riviera

Sport and General

THE PRINCE IN NORFOLK

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales arriving at a recent meet of the West Norfolk. This was held at Tittleshall, Norfolk

The Mighty Fallen

AT Deauville, a couple of seasons ago, you could see every night in the Casino, an olive-skinned and astonishingly plump young man, so plump that you felt his tailors would have been more considerate to his figure if they had added many inches to the width of his garments. But there he was, immaculate, if constrained, in a *smoking* and always wearing grey *suède* gloves—the "King of Kings," the Shah of Persia. A witty Frenchwoman described him as "*Sa*

Sport and General

YOUTH IN THE FIELD

Master E. A. Sandford at the Children's Meet of the Royal Artillery Harriers at Bulford Camp, Salisbury Plain

Sport and General

AT THE CHILDREN'S MEET

Miss Newland and Miss Stanley Clarke waiting for their mounts at the Royal Artillery Harriers meet at Bulford Camp. One at least of them favours the masculine note for ladies' riding kit

Majesté Imperiale aux rondeurs comprimées."

Well, there seems to have come an " end to pleasant places " for this plump young man. He came to Europe on a series of official visits—was it three or four years ago? Certainly three. The official visits, pomp and circumstance being over, he found Paris so alluring that he stayed there, turning the deafest of ears to the entreaties and the urgent representations of the Persian Government that he should return to Teheran. The stories that one heard of his expenditure were reminiscent of the Count of Monte Cristo. Certainly you can get more fun for your money in Paris than you can in Teheran.

But, naturally, the Persians grew a little weary of a Shah who spent Persian pennies in Paris and left them without a monarch, so when Riza Khan, a big, muscular soldier, with a brain as strong and highly developed as his body, made himself Shah, the Persians were thankful for a strong hand and mind to lead them, and the plump young man with his too great a fondness for Paris was deposed.

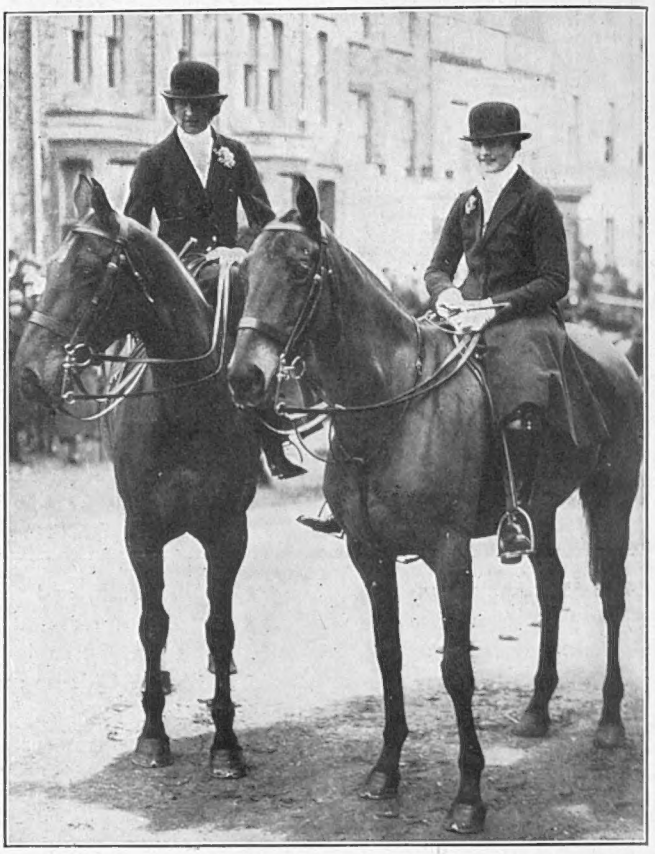
Of course, supplies were cut off. For some time past the ex-Shah has been endeavouring to keep up his lavish expenditure by the sale of jewels. But, apparently, the jewels are also coming to an end, for now it is announced that he is going to open a shop in Paris for the sale of perfumes.

If the ex-Shah served behind the counter he would make a fortune during the American tourist season in Paris, and could charge anything he liked to ask for bottles of scent wrapped up and handed over to Trans-atlantic customers by his own Imperial hands. What an upside-down world we are living in to be sure! Only I haven't a particle of sympathy for this over-plump young man. We've all got to do our job, whatever it may be. And he didn't do his job when he chose Paris instead of Teheran.

No Reduction

And here is another upside-down Imperial affair—at least, from the old point of view. The second son of the German ex-Crown Prince, Prince Louis Ferdinand, applied for a monthly season ticket on the Berlin Underground Railway at the reduced rates given to students and schoolboys. These claims are considered by a central authority, which takes into consideration the names of applicants who have also applied for holiday work, in the most menial capacity, such as carrying sandwich-boards, playing in a band, or farm work, in order to eke out their means.

The young Prince's name was not in any of these employment lists, and as his father had recently offered big money prizes for a six days' bicycle race in Berlin his claim for a season ticket at a



WITH THE OLD BERKS *Topical*

Lady Violet Henderson, with her daughter, Miss Peggy Henderson, photographed at the recent meet of the Old Berks Hounds at Faringdon. Lady Violet is Lord Faringdon's daughter-in-law and Miss Peggy Henderson is her only daughter

A SHOOT IN WALES *P. B. Abery*

A group of Lord Swansea's shooting party which was held recently at Caerberis, Builth Wells. It includes Commander A. Wilson (left), Captain S. Mavrojani, Captain Ralph Woosnam, the Hon. Ursula Vivian, Lord Swansea's only daughter, Lady Swansea, the Hon. Mrs. Tryon, Lord Swansea's sister, Lord Swansea, Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. Tryon, Mr. Aylmer Tryon and Captain Christy

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Lenare*

Miss Mary Crean, who is to marry Mr. R. C. Fletcher, of His Majesty's Embassy, Constantinople. She is the only daughter of Commander F. Crean, R.N. (retired), and Mrs. Crean

RECENTLY ENGAGED *Valentine*

Miss Winifred Wallrock, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wallrock, of Stanmore. She is to marry Mr. Gilbert Davis, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Davis, of London and S. Africa

TO MARRY *Lenare*

Miss Florence Phyllis Milholland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Milholland. Her fiancé is Dr. Edward F. S. Gordon, M.D., elder son of the late Rev. the Hon. Arthur Gordon, D.D., and the Hon. Mrs. Gordon

Lafayette

THE HON. BARBARA BUCKLAND

The younger daughter of Lord and Lady Buckmaster, whose engagement was recently announced. She is to marry Mr. John Miller, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Miller, of Bicton Lodge, Exeter

reduced fare was disallowed. But there is something grotesquely humorous in a haughty Hohenzollern making such a request.

Court Life on the Film

Whilst in Berlin they do not consider that the Hohenzollern princes come under the heading of "deserving poor," in Vienna they have been making a film based on the hectic career of the late Princess Philip of Coburg, better known after her divorce as Princess Louise of Belgium, a daughter of old King Leopold of the Belgians and a sister of the ex-Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria. The end of the film is not in accordance with fact, as, although the Princess was put into a *maison de santé* by the Emperor Francis Joseph after running away with a handsome major, she was never in prison.

The film opens at the Court of Vienna. An enormous ballroom was built up, and Court festivities have been reproduced down to the smallest detail. For a State banquet the famous Hapsburg gold plate at the Hofburg was lent by the Government, detectives and police guarding it. The footmen and other menservants wore the old Imperial State liveries, likewise lent from the Hofburg. Real generals acted the parts they had actually played on such occasions at Court, and to crown all the Emperor Francis Joseph's valet gave a lifelike representation of his old master.

I doubt very much whether this film will ever be shown in England. I should think this would not be possible if it is to bear the late Princess's name. A friend who saw the filming of the Court scenes, and was very familiar with the Viennese Court in the old days, tells me the reproduction of the various functions is absolutely perfect.

Where His Heart Was

I must not mention the capital, but in that capital there was a handsome young attaché at the British Embassy. In the same capital there was likewise a great lady, very much *grande dame de par le monde*. Now, this great lady took a deep interest in young men, and more particularly young men in diplomacy. Scandal said her interest resembled that of Mrs. Potiphar for Joseph. However, that might or might not be, the young English attaché found himself becoming more and more the object of the lady's courtesies and attention. In his position it was practically impossible to refuse her invitations to luncheons, dinners, and what not.

One evening there was a large party at the lady's palace. Her interest in the attaché was so marked and public that he was covered with embarrassment. On the plea of showing him a picture in one of the rooms she led him through a long gallery, on either side of which were ranged all sorts of treasures under glass cases. The young man was much more interested in Italian Renaissance work than he was in the lady. As they were passing along the gallery he saw a beautiful *cinquecento* casket in one of the cases, and stopped to admire it. He was so lyrical in his praise that the lady had the case opened in order that he might examine the casket more closely.

The next afternoon when he returned from a ride he found a parcel in his rooms. Opening it, to his utter astonishment he found the casket and a letter from the lady begging him to accept it. She likewise mentioned an hour when she would be alone. The young man promptly did up the parcel and sent it back by hand, with a letter expressing his profound appreciation of the gift, and saying that he could not possibly deprive the lady's palace of such a treasure.

As he was dressing for dinner a note was brought to him from the lady. Written in English were these words: "Sir, you have the heart in the face but not in the figure."

FOOT IN GLOVE! *Central Press*

Patricia Raeburn and Captain Duff Taylor indulge in a little fancy work together on the rink at Mürren. Patricia is the daughter of Lady Raeburn, who is an accomplished lady ski-runner

A FAMILY CONCLAVE *G.P.U.*

Lieutenant Thoret, who has the distinction of having skied to the summit of Mont Blanc, in serious consultation with his small daughter at Chamonix. She is evidently being brought up on the right lines

Welcoming the New Year

NEW YEAR'S EVE was the occasion for much merry-making in London. The great Happy New Year Ball at the Albert Hall was one of the best ever held there. Jack Hylton's Bands were both excellent and indefatigable, and the wonderful lighting arrangements specially schemed by Mr. John Bull added enormously to the success of the evening. The hotels were no less busy. The Midnight Follies at the Metropole attracted many merry-makers to a late hour, as did the Savoy, Carlton, and Cecil, where special novelties were arranged. At the Hyde Park Hotel there was a striking dinner dance, every lady receiving an attractively shaped box of chocolates specially designed by Mr. Thomas, the general manager, whilst champagne bottles burst, distributing presents; M. Servais "created" one of the most attractive possible menus. The Florida, the Kit-Cat, the Embassy, and many other clubs also arranged attractive programmes, which were appreciated to the full by the crowds which made it their business to give 1927 a right hearty welcome

A LAUGHING MATTER *L.N.A.*

Fräulein Charlotte Schmidtke assumes skis for the benefit of the photographer at St. Moritz. She is well known on the Berlin stage

Central Press

THE WINNERS

The Cambridge University team which scored the first victory over Oxford in the Inter-University Ski Race at Mürren. The photograph shows: J. H. V. Docwra (left), Howard Ford (Captain), T. M. Shelford, R. Dobbs and E. B. Worthington

HAIL! SMILING MORN AT ST. MORITZ *Keystone*

A merry group on the rink at St. Moritz. Mr. Roger Chetwode (right), Miss Nell Ward, Miss Peggy Ward, Miss Nicole Ward, Col. Edgar Brassey, Miss Marjorie Brassey, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Master John Brassey, Mrs. Cyril Ward, Mr. Cottrill and Lord Claud Hamilton

God Speed

THE King and Queen are coming up from Sandringham to say good-bye to the Duke and Duchess of York on their departure for Australia and New Zealand, remaining one night at Buckingham Palace. The scene at Victoria will probably remind Their Majesties vividly of their own departure on a similar mission to the Antipodes as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, some twenty-five years ago. The Prince of Wales will go down to Portsmouth with his brother and sister-in-law and take his farewell of them on the *Renown*, on which he will find the cabins and saloons he knows so well all freshly decorated. For the principal sitting-room the Duchess of York has chosen a scheme of white and blue.

The Duchess of York's great friend, Lady Doris Vyner, with her husband, Mr. Clare Vyner, were to have been Lady and Gentleman-in-Waiting for the trip "down under," but this plan had to be given up for reasons of health, Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour taking Lady Doris Vyner's place, and Captain Nugent that of Mr. Clare Vyner. Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour is a sister of Earl Beauchamp and of Lady Mary Trefusis, who has been one of the Queen's ladies for over thirty years. Happily, the Earl of Cavan's hunting accident, in which he strained one of his ankles and which kept him to his room at the moment when he wanted to be about making his last arrangements, will not prevent him going as Chief of Staff. If he had been obliged to remain behind it would have been a serious loss. Lady Cavan, who will also be in attendance on the Duchess of York as Lady Joan Mulholland was Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Mary for four years before the Princess's marriage.

As may be imagined, the visit of the Duke and Duchess is being looked forward to with the keenest excitement in Australia and New Zealand. And they start on their voyage of adding yet another link to those already made by the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales between the Mother Country and the Dominions, with the country's sincerest and warmest wishes.

In the way of personal attendants the Royal travellers are only taking a valet and a maid, one of the Marines in the *Renown* having been specially trained in hairdressing for the voyage.

Central Press

YOUTH TO THE FORE

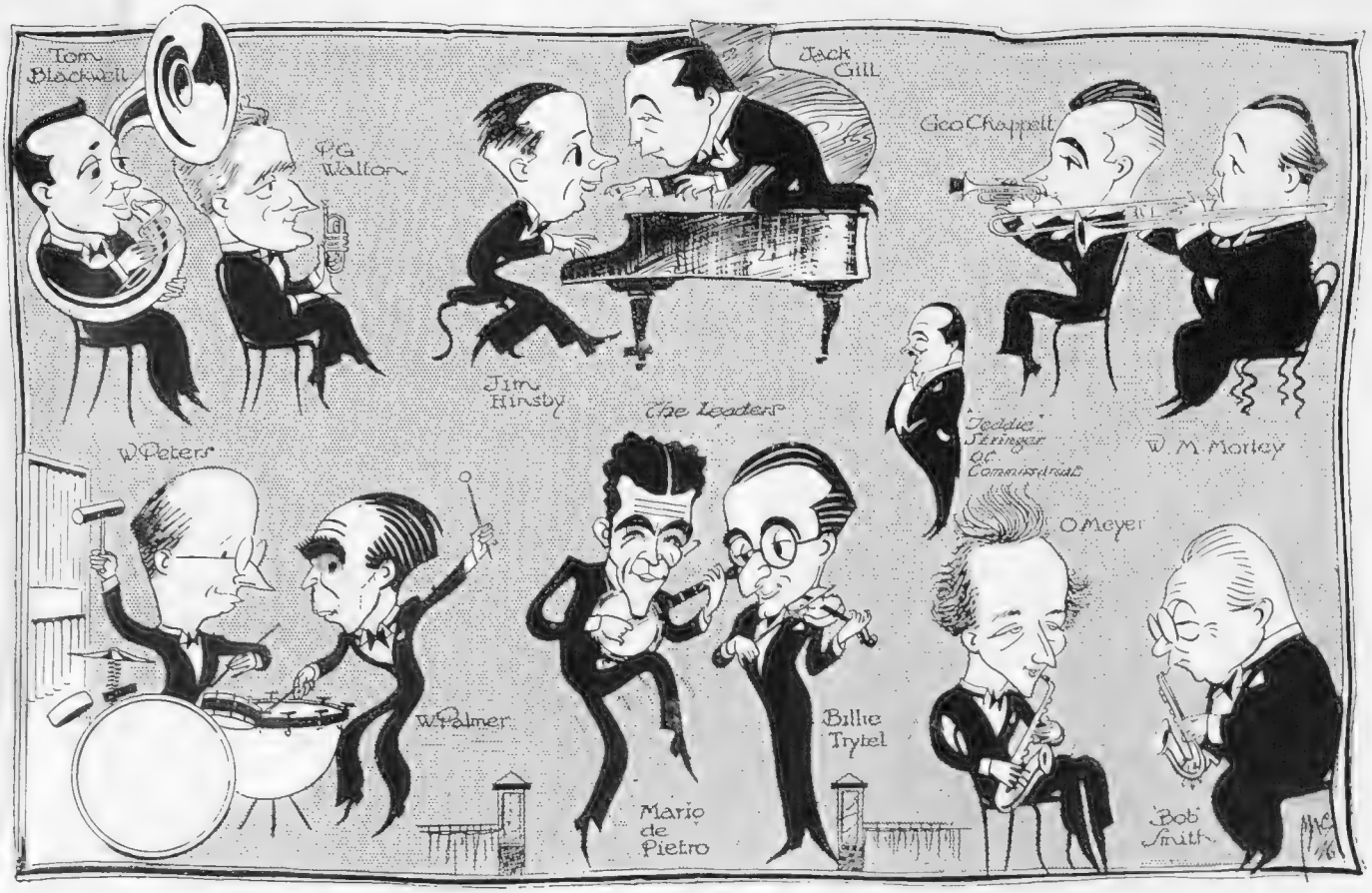
Master Peter Lunn, the son of Mr. Arnold Lunn, photographed over the hard snow section of the course in the Alpine Ski Challenge Cup at Mürren

Central Press

A YOUNG COMPETITOR

Master Digby Raeburn, the little son of Lady Raeburn. He was the youngest competitor in the race for the Alpine Ski Challenge Cup at Mürren

Strain Bands which Defend London—from Boredom



HARMONY AT HECTOR'S

Some of the men who provide the "food of love"—to say nothing of Teddie Stringer, who provides food of a more substantial nature—at Hector's Club, in Tottenham Court Road. This is one of the brightest of dance centres and does much to drive away dull care

BY MAC

THE PLAY'S VERY MUCH THE THING—AT PRINCE'S

An impression of Alfredo bringing his famous band into action with a swing. Alfredo and his merry men are justly renowned, for they add very appreciably to the joys of the dance at the New Prince's, in Piccadilly

CROSSING THE BAR *L.N.A.*

Miss Gayle Palmer, private secretary to the American Embassy in Paris, obviously does not approve of a lazy holiday. The photograph was taken on Christmas Eve on the beach at Cannes, where an "old-fashioned Dickens Christmas" would certainly not be welcomed

The Riviera Week by Week

WE have successfully survived the Christmas week-end, and are now busy building up our energies again for the advent of the New Year, which is, if anything, a little more strenuous than Yuletide out here. The weather was distinctly cold for these parts, but on the whole kept bright, so that the annual outburst of last-minute shopping, which always keeps everyone on the rush at a time when they would prefer to be resting in readiness for the entertainments of the evening, was carried out under very pleasant conditions. For a week or more preceding Christmas Day every train from Calais and Paris, and even the new Pullman train which runs to the Riviera from Milan, was crowded from end to end, and the hotel proprietors began to smile quite broadly. Some of them have been through an anxious time lately, and there are still a few who are suffering from a pain in the reception-office.

THERE was plenty of fun in Cannes during the week-end, and the largest gathering of all was at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs on Christmas Eve, where over five hundred guests sat down to a gala dinner, followed by a dance. The new stage and the additional accommodation provided by the great bay window which has been erected overlooking the sea will evidently be highly appreciated during the season, and the Casino and restaurant will retain their places as the main centres of social life here.

THERE were brilliant crowds also at the leading hotels in the town, the Carlton and Majestic naturally being among the most fashionable resorts. The Majestic, by the way, has now inaugurated a series of gala dinners and dances each Wednesday, while the Carlton will continue to make Thursday the big night of the week.

THERE was a particularly jolly children's party at the Grand Hotel on the afternoon of Christmas Day, with an enormous and very dazzling tree as tall as the proportions of the handsome ballroom would allow, and a lavish distribution of presents which must have made some of the grown-ups quite envious. Another very cheery place was the Hotel Beau-Site that night—a hotel, by the way, where there is not a single vacant room, or likely to be for some time to come—and a very fine dinner was followed by a dance which was attended by crowds of well-known people. Among many others I noticed Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans and their daughter, Sir William Milton — for many years prominently associated with the administration of Rhodesia—and Lady Milton, Lord Whitburgh and Lady Whitburgh and the Hon. Sybil Borthwick, Brigadier-General Chandos-Pole-Gell, Sir John Ganzoni, M.P., Sir Charles and Lady Mandleberg, Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Meares (whose guests included Captain and Mrs. Granville Soames), Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Asprey, Sir Francis Voules, Lieut.-Colonel Michael Head, and Mr. and Mrs. W. de Selincourt.

THE annual tennis tournament at the Beau-Site courts began on Boxing Day,

E. Navello

THE CALL OF THE COURTS

Lady Dudley and Miss Granville Soames off for a game on the hard courts at Cannes. Lawn tennis has as many devotees as ever on the Riviera this season

E. Navello

"EN VACANCE"

Miss Evelyn Laye, the popular actress, enjoying a rest from her theatrical duties. The photograph was taken at Monte Carlo

and as usual all the leading players on the Riviera have entered for the events. It is one of the most popular tournaments of the season, as well as the oldest.

AMONG the numerous arrivals in Cannes are Sir Frank Meyer, Bart., M.P. for Great Yarmouth, and the leader of the anti-Dora movement, and Lady Meyer, who are staying at Les Delices with Adéle Lady Meyer. Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield and Colonel Mayes are at the Hotel du Parc; Sir Frederick Duncan at the Majestic; Sir Henry and Lady Dickens at the Gray et d'Albion; the Marquis and Marquise de Wentworth and Mr. and Mrs. Brame Hillyard at the Californie; General Sir

E. Navello

OUTSIDE THE CAFÉ

Sir John Salusbury-Trelawny enjoying the sunshine at Monte Carlo. The morning *apéritif* is greatly improved by the addition of a certain amount of sunshine

Charles and Lady King and Miss King at the Splendid; Sir Adam Block, M. and Mme. de Landa y Escandon and Mme. de Landa's children, Viscount Moore and Lady Patricia Moore, at the Continental; Lady Hulton and family and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stewart at the Carlton; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rea and family at the Villa Caldana for the holidays with Mrs. Russell Rea; and Sir James and Lady Knott on board their beautiful yacht, *Princess*.

THE polo season is to commence on the first Sunday in the New Year, and as we have now a very large and notable collection of players and ponies at Mandelieu there is every prospect of some first-rate matches in the near future.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE continues to enjoy to the full his holiday at Valescure, and plays golf nearly every day. His daughter Megan has taken up tennis, but up to the present, so I am assured by those who have watched her playing, she does not show any signs of championship form. They motored over with Dame Margaret Lloyd George the other day to take luncheon with Lady Yule at her beautiful estate a few miles out of Cannes, near the homes of Lord Wolverton and Miss Amy Paget, and were enchanted with the views over the mountains and sea.

NICE fills up rather slowly, and the arrival of an American naval squadron in the harbour of Villefranche has been welcomed by the townspeople, for the officers and men invariably waken the district up and are quite good for trade. Probably with the commencing of the Nice Races in January we shall see a big increase in the number of arrivals, for the sporting programme is a long and very attractive one, calculated to draw visitors from all parts of the Continent. The prize-money is far larger than it has ever been, and some very notable stables have entered horses. The Duke of Connaught, looking in excellent form once more, has been in the town several times lately shopping and strolling on the Promenade, accompanied, of course, by Major Berkeley Levett.

WINTER SUNSHINE *L.N.A.*

Major-General Sir Gerald and Lady Kitson walking to the golf course at Valescure. This beautiful course is in high favour with the English colony on the Riviera

AT Menton there are many newcomers, among them Lord and Lady Bateman, Prince Singh of Kapurthala—a son of the Maharajah of that State—Colonel Sir Lisle Webb and Lady Webb, and Sir Stephenson and Lady Kent, who have taken a villa here. Miss Ysabel De Witte, the writer, who spends each winter in Menton, has been warmly congratulated by her friends on the appearance of her latest book, "The Romance and Legends of the Riviera," which is certainly one of the most charming and the best illustrated descriptions of the picturesque old villages and towns of the region yet published.

E. Navello

A CONSTITUTIONAL AT CANNES

Major-General Sir George Stanistreet and Mr. David Macbeth out for a morning walk at Cannes. There is a very large number of English visitors at this resort this season

THE Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have been staying with M. and Mme. de Balsan at Eze for a short time, and have now left for the Near East on their yacht *Sans Peur*. I hear that Sir Joseph West Ridgeway and Sir Hall Caine are among the guests expected shortly in Monte Carlo. The latter will mean one more addition to our local list of novelists, which seems to get bigger each season. There must be something in the air which conduces to literary inspiration, or perhaps something in the social atmosphere. Baroness Orczy is as busy as ever on a new book, but manages to find time to entertain her many friends, and the dance she gave the other night for her son, who had come from Meran, in the Italian Tyrol, where he has made his home, was as jolly as we all knew beforehand it would be. As the Villa Bijou is too small to hold anything like all the Baroness's friends the dance took place at Mrs. Underwood French's villa close by, where there is a fine salon with an excellent floor.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

A FAMILY GROUP *L.N.A.*

Mrs. de Maude Long (centre) with her daughter, Pamela, and her mother, Mrs. Patterson, enjoying the Riviera sunshine. They are staying at Valescure, St. Raphael

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

HOW TIME FLIES!

Produced November 17, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS highly diverting production introduces us to Mr. Billy Merson as a private detective in "Blackley's International Stores." The great Sir Peregrine Blackley himself (Mr. Charles Stone) introduces the Firm with the help of the usual number of mannequins as a fair and fascinating chorus. Then we get news that the young people had a dance among themselves on the previous night, and this brings Mr. Billy Merson forward with a cheerful song to the effect that he might have kissed one girl—or two—or was it three? He is excusably in doubt as to the exact figure himself, since it is well known that on festive occasions of this kind arithmetic very discreetly fails us. But it is a jolly little song, especially as it voices the ideas of most healthy young people at this season, whether the mistletoe has been left hanging or not.

THEN we get a romantic intrigue. Lady Blackley (Miss Vera Pearce) and Jack Reveir (Mr. Reginald Sharland) have developed between them an irregular attachment, and this prompts a light-hearted duet about making love under the rose, which is, of course, the way of the thorny path. Her ladyship is about to visit the Lido, and Jack very generously offers to escort her as her chaperon, or thereabouts. But her ladyship, who would appear to be not wholly uninstructed in such adventures, insists on being provided with a "screen." That is, another lady who can look in the opposite direction on

Stage Photo Co.

"WE ARE THREE"

Lady Blackley (Vera Pearce), Jack Reveir (Reginald Sharland) and Sandy Fayre (Annie Croft) form a trio for the photographer. As usual, the man is the centre of interest

occasion, but whose protection can be readily claimed when other people become oppressively observant.

AT this point Sandy Fayre drifts on the scene. She is a typist at Blackley's, and on her first appearance she is sharply reprimanded by the manageress for being late at the office. Her incriminating excuse is that her baby was not very well, and she could not leave him, and typists, as we know, are not supposed to have babies. That is the rule of the profession, and it is, I understand, usually observed. Sandy cannot prove that she was ever married, and therefore this devastating reference to

her child gives rise to all sorts of horrid comments. As usual, however, the rumour is very far from the fact, though Sandy keeps her secret until the end of the piece, when her sweet innocence is properly established. Then Lady Blackley, who is contemplating a little sideslip on her own account, takes the lofty attitude of Satan rebuking Sin. She insists that Sandy's mode of life is setting a bad example to the other girls, and Sandy is sacked accordingly.

THE very moving event gives Jack Reveir an idea. He invites Sandy to accompany him to the Lido as Lady Blackley's "screen." This brings us to the first of a series of duets between Miss Annie Croft and Mr. Reginald Sharland, who supply the delicate romance of the piece with dainty humour and quite unusual charm. Jack recommends Sandy to follow her star of destiny, which, apparently, is pointing with unmistakable brilliance to the Lido. The duet is supplemented by a lively dance, in the course of which Miss Croft is thrown about by her partner with graceful recklessness. Now and again in the course of the throwing a grating instrument in the orchestra intervenes with a misleading sound of torn fabric, suggesting the urgent need for a timely safety-pin. But nothing of the kind really happens, of course, or we should have noticed it.

ANOTHER of the duets of these delightful artists is called "The Love Game." It is, as its name implies, a dainty introduction to the universal sport, and the game is played so well by the two that the conclusion arrived at is that a game like that ought to be taught in schools. Whether it is taught or not, it is, I am credibly informed, frequently learnt there. This duet is in the best style of musical comedy, and is deservedly applauded to the echo. But

it is now time to return to Mr. Billy Merson as Benjamin Littlewood, the detective. His first bit of detection is hardly a success, since he has the temerity to arrest a lady of title for shoplifting, when everybody knows that in such distinguished cases the regrettable lapse is due merely to mental aberration. For this false step Benjamin is promptly discharged; but on his insisting that he is really more of a divorce sleuth than a snapper-up of sneak-thieves,

Sir Peregrine Blackley commissions him to follow Lady Blackley to the Lido, to see if he can find evidence for a divorce. So here we are, all bound for the Lido.

MR. MERSON, who is understood to be producing under his own management, has not favoured himself unduly with too much prominence. He is the admirable low comedian of the piece, but he has seen to it that the light comedy and romantic elements are generously represented. Such commendable self-restraint in a managerial "star" is a little unusual, but in this instance it makes for the agreeable perfection of the whole. Mr. Merson's best song is perhaps that in which he expresses a preference for the polka over modern dancing. He strolls on the stage in a suit of pyjamas, the bifurcations of which are about a foot too long, and gives a turn that is bewilderingly funny. Another of his marked successes is a comparison between the very modern ladies on the Lido, and his mid-Victorian sister who does not go to cabarets or any other of the wild distractions of the Town that keep the girls from their beauty sleep. In this song he is sturdily aided by a very efficient chorus who have clearly caught the infection of his rollicking humour.

MR. MERSON is in great form on the Lido. He appears in the disguise of an Albanian Prince in order that he may the better keep an eye on the wayward Lady Blackley, and he sails along gaily under his false colours till he is introduced to a real Albanian who greets him in the native lingo. In the course of his bragging claim to know most of the Albanians of influence, he inadvertently admits kinship with the object of the other Albanian's vendetta, and finds that a jagged and untidy death is positively staring him in the face. In most of his adventures Mr. Merson is valiantly supported by Miss Betty Chester, who occasionally relieves the comicality of a situation here or there by her very melodious singing.

THE identity of the son John referred to in the title is not revealed until the end of the play; but, as is the case with most musical comedies, the plot is not anything to worry about. Mr. Merson and all associated with him are to be congratulated on the joyous perfection of their entertainment. JINGLE.

TELLING THE WORLD *Stage Photo Co.*

Benjamin Littlewood (Billy Merson) and Suzanne (Betty Chester) sing "Sentimental Sweethearts" to an appreciative audience. Their mutual affection is in no way diminished by the extremely public circumstances in which they show it

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

ON a tombstone in a Norfolk churchyard there is the inscription, "Lived and died lamented." We should characterise that as an acid tablet.

. . . . . .

I learn from the papers that fewer
Men tell a good joke than Lord Dewar.
Well, it's possibly true,
But between me and you,
I wish he'd crack some that were newer!

. . . . . .

"I GOT my own back on that Yankee who sold me those shares."

"How?"

"I recommended him to an American dentist."

. . . . . .

HEARD in a restaurant after a recent undergraduate revel:

"Come on, Trinity, let's have a drink: youth must be served!"

"Not at this bar," remarked the head waiter drily.

. . . . . .

"LOOK how low Joan's dress is cut."

"Yes, I've heard a lot of back-chat about it."

. . . . . .

"Is there a patron saint of doctors?" asks a correspondent. We are not quite sure, but we suggest St. Pancreas might do.

. . . . . .

EDITORS, we are told, rarely look happy. That is because they are always looking for a happy issue out of all their troubles.

. . . . . .

A FORMER hairdresser has joined the R.A.F. He ought quickly to get accustomed to the various 'air roots.

QUITE ENOUGH

(Dr. Geeste, a Parisian physician, says that one egg is sufficient for breakfast.)

For their breakfast at eight
Some will start on a plate
Of porridge as large as a lake;
Then to help down their tea
They attack kedgeree,
And proceed to top up with a steak.
And I've seen now and then
Certain gluttonous men,
Having gorged upon bacon and fish,
Who will tuck in their legs,
And then tuck in at eggs,
Till they've poached the last one on the dish!

That the egg is a friend
Of mankind I contend
Is a maxim that can't be denied;
I've a passion for one
When it's not overdone,
And I'd scramble for one that is fried;
But one is a dish
That is simply suffish,
According to good Dr. Geeste,
Who remarks, I may mench,
In colloquial French,
That un œuf is as good as a feast!

. . . . . .

A THEATRICAL reflection:—What on earth would happen to "Rookery Nook" if they cut out the Brough stuff?

"You say," remarked the magistrate, "that the prisoner told you he was Henry the Eighth, that he had lodgings at Buckingham Palace, and was the father of seventeen. What did you do?"

"Then, your worship, to see if he was awake, I pinched him!"

. . . . . .

"DON'T you think X is a brilliant writer?"

"I should say he's one of the brilliantine variety."

. . . . . .

A gentleman, frisky and frivolly,
Met a damsel one day in the Tivoli;
When he said, "Come to tea,"
She said, "Thank you; not me,
For your eye is too roving and swivelly!

. . . . . .

"WHAT," asked the father of his violin-playing progeny, "do you think of my daughter's execution?"

"I think," replied his friend, "she should order whatever she likes for breakfast on the morning that it is due!"

. . . . . .

WE are told that dancing is occasionally permitted in certain American prisons. Over here our convicts have to be content with the old quod drill.

. . . . . .

A THOUGHT for to-day: Many a man would escape the charge of intemperance if he just sat tight.

. . . . . .

"MOST little girls are vain," says a writer in a ladies' journal. True; try giving any one of them an éclair, and then watch the "vanishing cream."

By LUNT ROBERTS

COLD FEAT

"I say, it was a bit wasteful to leave the engine running all the time we were in there"
"I didn't. I expect that's my wife shivering!"

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

NEW SERIES

PEOPLE I REMEMBER

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustration by WARWICK REYNOLDS*

No. I. D.B.S.

(D.B.S. is a consular term, meaning "Distressed British Subject"; such are shipped home at the Government's expense.)

We met in the Boca, Buenos Aires.

Shanghai, 'Frisco, Limehouse, the Bowery, have all at one time or another earned some measure of notoriety, but the Boca still remains unsung. This is strange, since the Boca must be easily one of the worst districts in the world. It is down in the dock quarter of Buenos Aires, not the part where the smart passenger liners discharge their freight, but on the other side. Here you will find the sailors of all nations: Norwegians who have come with machinery from Hamburg; Spaniards who have brought salt from Spain; little wrinkled, grinning Japs; dignified Chinese; Brazilians from bug-infested coastal steamers, men with no ship at all, the pariah dogs of a hundred ports.

I was making my way along the Pedro de Mendoza, a garbage-littered thoroughfare that skirts the Darsena Sud, when he stopped me.

"Give us a light."

I looked him over. His hands were thrust in the pockets of soiled and frayed blue trousers; his coat was torn; a battered cap was pulled aslant his eyes; he wore a ragged scarf round his throat and a filthy bandage round the hand that held out the charred stump of a Pâraguayan cigar.

The request was made in English and in the voice of an educated man. These things did not affect me, for, sad to relate, of all the riff-raff that is swept into Spanish-America ports the British beachcomber is as bad as any. Honest English sailors themselves will tell you that they run more risk of robbery and murder at the hands of their down-and-out fellow countrymen than from all the rest of the knife and knuckle-duster fraternity put together.

He met my scrutiny squarely. But there was pathetic anxiety in his bloodshot eyes. From his blotched cheeks and trembling unshaven jaw, I judged that it was not a light he wanted; it was more liquor.

I gave him a light; waited while he sucked that filthy cigar stump to a red glow; waited for the inevitable whine: "You won't let another white man down?"

But he handed me back the matches without a word. And then I noticed something in his favour; his eyebrows were singed and there was little black specks embedded in his cheeks, signs that told plainly it was not long since he had done a job of work in the stoke-hole of a ship.

We were just outside the Café Bolivar, which is an orderly enough establishment for those parts, though it would hardly come within the duties of the police to enter the premises on a Saturday night to stop a killing.

"Care for a drink?" I suggested.

"Thank you," he replied with the slightly self-conscious dignity of a man accepting hospitality that he cannot return.

We went in. Leaving my companion in a corner, I went up to the proprietor, an old friend of mine, and, under the pretence of ordering drinks, asked him if he could tell me anything about the fellow.

The proprietor knew nothing, but

(All rights strictly reserved)

said he thought he was very likely some Britisher waiting to go home "D.B.S.," or, in other words, a Distressed British Subject, such from time to time being shipped home by Consuls at various ports to their reluctant mother country.

Having ordered a couple of glasses of caña (native rum) to be sent over, I went back.

The fellow sat looking moodily in front of him till the liquor came; then he could hardly wait for the tray to be put on the table before he snatched the glass and drained it at a gulp.

"I wanted that," he said, passing the back of his hand across his mouth, "worse'n I ever wanted a pink drink in Piccadilly."

I looked him over, wondering how long ago it was since he had been able to afford getting pick-me-ups from Piccadilly chemists.

Then a curious thing caught my eye. When I first saw him the ends of the filthy scarf knotted round his throat had been tucked into his shirt; the scarf itself was so black with coal dust and dirt that it was impossible to tell what colour it had been. But now one of the ends protruded, showing quite plainly an arrangement of colours. I stared at those colours. They were the colours of a very famous regimental club. Beyond that I will say no more. I could hardly believe he had ever belonged to the regiment, for they were a corps that looked after their men. He had more likely found the scarf or stolen it. I should have thought no more of the matter, had he not—noticing my glance—with a quick gesture tucked the scarf inside his shirt. I admit this raised in me all the worst elements of curiosity that must forever lurk in the story-teller's brain. Poor devil, I should have let him have his drink in peace.

"Been out here long?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Well, I haven't been home for six months, myself," I told him, "only got in this morning; been up north of Paraguay."

I saw an immediate alteration in his manner; he seemed in some way relieved.

"Ah, up there, have you? You don't get much company in those parts."

"No, nor news; there are no mails in the Chaco."

"Mails!" he growled. "Who wants mails?"

"Well, I'd rather like to see an English newspaper again; for all I know London may have been swamped by a tidal wave.

"The old town is still standing; was three months ago, anyway."

"Oh, you've only just come out, then?"

"Yes, and not sorry to get here I can tell you. Stoking a ship across the equator is no fun."

"I should think not. Did you know what you were taking on?"

"I never meant to take it on, but they found me and put me to work; the stokehold is a good punishment for a stowaway."

"What are you going to do now?"

A look of helplessness came into his eyes. "They say these are the countries of the future; that any man can get work. Blessed if I can find a job; you have got to know Spanish, and it takes time to learn that."

I reflected. I knew one of our Vice-Consuls in Buenos Aires pretty well. He was a good fellow, and though his life was burdened by many cases such as my companion's, I knew that if I talked to him about him he would do what he could.

"If you like, I'll speak to the Consul," I suggested. "I can't promise anything . . ."

He did not let me finish. He sprang from his chair, his eyes wide with apprehension.

"Don't you do that! Don't you speak to the British Consul about me. The police are looking for me now . . . they hunt us like rats in this town."

So it was the police! What had he done?

I was wrong, however. "Yes," he continued, "if we haven't got a job out here we have to get back to the country where we came from. And, God!" he sank his head in his hands, "I can't go home."

* * * * *

Weeks later I came to England. I knew now the name of my acquaintance in Buenos Aires, whom I had left, as he had wished to be left, in the Boca. But there was nothing in the papers, no rumours about him, not even any scandal linked round his name. All that people said was that he had gone abroad somewhere.

Then one night I dined with a man who was still in the regiment, the colours of which I had seen round the beachcomber's throat — a regiment possessing a very great tradition.

I mentioned casually that I had seen "Smithson" in Buenos Aires.

"Oh, did you!" My friend's face became wooden and I thought he was going to change the subject, for as I have said, it is a regiment with a great tradition, a regiment that never talks of the skeletons within its cupboard. But after a moment he looked up and told me the story of the man I have called Smithson.

Smithson, it seemed, had married. "She was a rotten little brute," my friend said, "and he virtually cut his throat the day he did it. But Smithson loved her in the queer way that hundred per cent. men can sometimes love rotten women. He married her with his eyes open. The way she was living at the time they met could have left nothing to his imagination as regards her character. I suppose he hoped she might become different if he made her his wife. But marriage made no difference; first she took to gambling and then to drink, the result was inevitable. If it hadn't been for Smithson people would not have had her in their houses at all.

"Matters came to a head in Ascot week. They were staying with the Bellvilles. Smithson had been betting as heavily as his wife. This was a new phase for him, and people commented on it. It looked as though he was chucking his hand in, for by Friday night he had lost far more than he could ever pay to the bookie on Monday.

"That night the house-party played poker. Old Bellville was a rough old colonial, and used to like to swank about a bit, though he was the last man ever to try to win a penny off his guests. However, at poker he used to like to play with what he called his 'wad' in front of him. That 'wad' was a pocket book bulging with notes, hundreds of pounds. When the game broke up Bellville went to a side table to get his guests drinks. He left his 'wad' on the table. When those who had been drinking came back the 'wad' was missing.

"Old Bellville behaved like a perfect gentleman. After the first shock of finding the note-case had been stolen, he put his hand to his pocket and said he could feel it there all the time. But it took no one in; we all knew. Smithson's wife had thief written all over her face. In spite of old Bellville's generosity the others would have seen to it that she got hounded out of London when they got back.

"But that very night after all had gone to bed, Smithson left the house and the note-case was found *empty* on his dressing-table."

"You mean he stole the money!"

"No. I saw his wife take the case myself. But he gave me a look, and after that and Bellville's attitude it was not my business to speak."

"But why didn't he make her give back Bellville's money?"

"I don't know. Perhaps when he taxed her she denied having stolen it; perhaps he and Bellville had an interview; I am just telling you what happened. All I can say is that, in view of Smithson bolting, everyone thinks he was the thief." A. M.

BY LAURIE TAYLER

DAWN : 1927

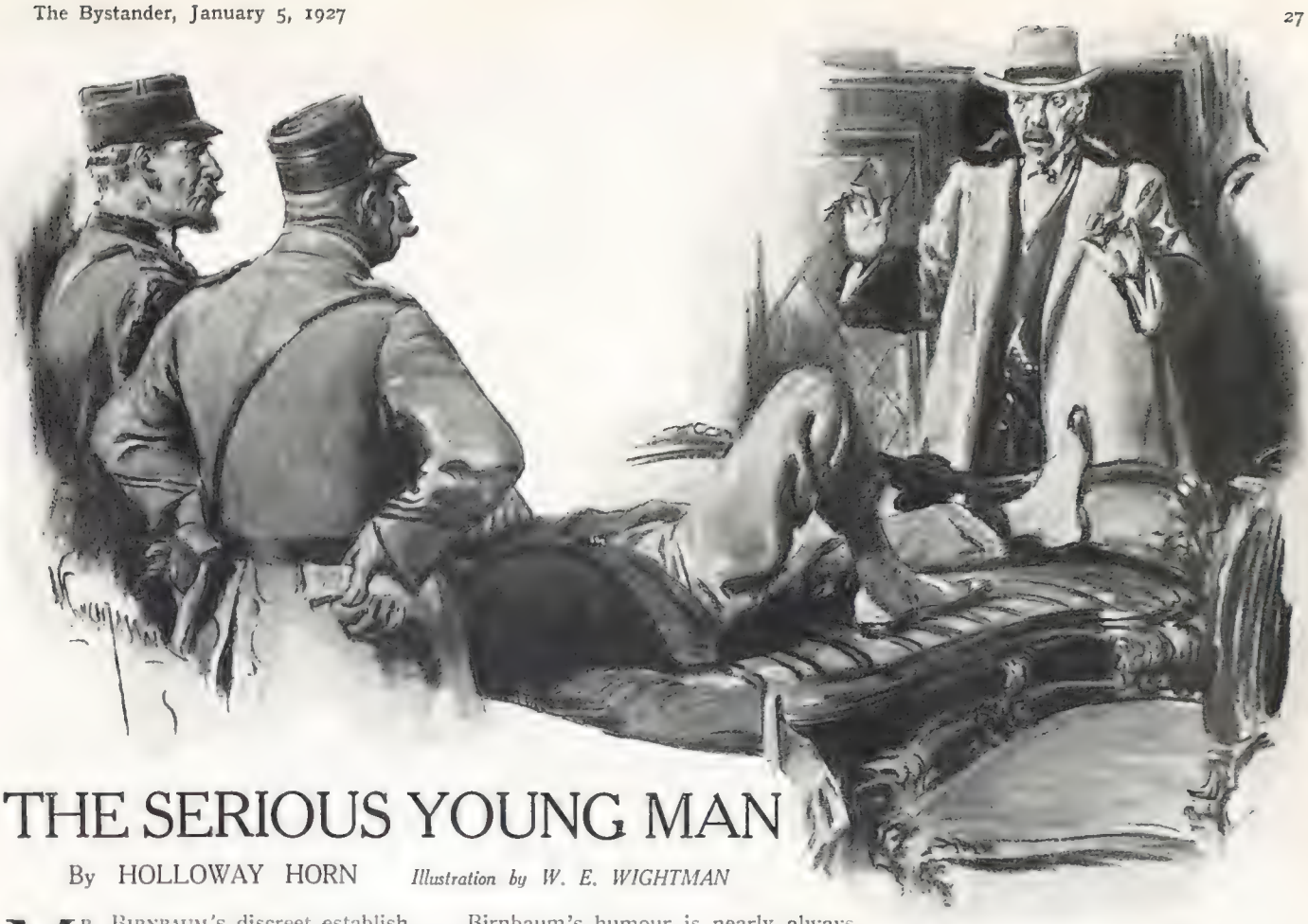
MISS BYSTANDER

BY H. H. HARRIS

AND HER PAGES

BY W. S. HUTTON

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS



THE SERIOUS YOUNG MAN

By HOLLOWAY HORN *Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN*

MR. BIRNBAUM'S discreet establishment is in one of the best shopping streets in London. In his display cabinets you may find treasures, authentic or doubtful as the case may be, gathered from every "period" and every country. And you will usually find Mr. Birnbaum there.

Personally, I like him. If he tells you that, in his judgment, a certain jug is Liverpool, I am painfully aware that it by no means follows that it *is* Liverpool. Moreover, I will admit that it is not always his judgment I question at such times. But we are all, in our several ways, out to buy in the cheapest, and to sell in the dearest, markets, so why condemn Birnbaum?

I had called on him touching the matter of a miniature bought from him some time before for six guineas, a miniature which I had regarded as a "find" at the time I purchased it. I should, of course, have known Birnbaum better.

"I say, you know," I protested "that miniature isn't a Cosway."

"Oh?" He was unmistakably surprised. Indeed, he was the least bit *too* surprised.

"You said it was." I went on.

"In my judgment, I think I said," he corrected, in that gentle way of his. "If I could have proved that it was a Cosway, you would not have had it for six guineas. It was a speculative piece, as I told you. If, as you say, we were wrong, you must, I am afraid, regard it solely as a work of art.

Birnbaum's humour is nearly always ironic. It was impossible to be really angry with him, or to withstand for long his even-flowing phrases. We were, indeed, on quite good terms when the serious young man came into the shop. He was carrying both volumes of the "History of Spiritualism" under his arm.

"That ring in the window . . . is it Egyptian?" he asked, quietly. He was a well-dressed young man, and spoke with a delightful Kensington accent.

"It is Egyptian, sir . . . but it isn't exactly for sale. I mean, I am not anxious to sell it." This was strange hearing from Birnbaum, who would, under normal conditions, sell anything to anybody.

"The stone is a ruby?"

"I . . . I am not certain. It is a beautiful jewel," said Birnbaum. "Blood-red . . ."

"What are you asking for it?"

"I have already told you that I am not anxious to sell it. I had forgotten that it was in the window. I had intended to take it out."

"It came from the finger of a mummy, I suppose?" the serious young man went on.

"How did you know that?" asked Birnbaum, more startled than I have ever seen him before. He seemed to be watching his customer with a new interest, indeed, almost with suspicion.

"I didn't. I asked the question." Evidently a young man not easily rattled. He was, however, rather too confident, I thought.

"Look here. What do you know about that ring?" demanded Birnbaum sharply.

"Nothing, I assure you. Nothing. I noticed it as I was passing, and imagined it was of Egyptian origin."

For perhaps thirty seconds there was silence. Then:

"If you care to hear it, I will tell you the story behind that ring," said Birnbaum gravely. "I do not say it is true. I do not particularly care. Do you, by any chance, know Silas Graatz?"

"No."

"He is a dealer in the Rue de la Paix. It was he who gave me the ring."

"He *gave* it to you?"

"That is what I said. It was originally on the finger of the left hand of Princess Amoru . . . the daughter of a Pharaoh of the third dynasty—I am not a student of these things myself, and tell you the story as it was told to me. You may remember that the Egyptian Government, some years ago, prohibited relics being taken out of the country?"

The serious young man nodded.

"They did not, however, prevent this getting out," Birnbaum continued. "The hand was smuggled out of Egypt, and on it . . . that ring. It came into the possession of my friend Graatz when he purchased the collection of a famous French Egyptologist.

"Graatz didn't like the hand. He is

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

not usually over-sensitive in these things, but there was a claw-like look about it. As a matter of fact, there is about most of these mummified hands, but I gather it was particularly noticeable in this case. Anyway, there was something about the hand that got on his nerves. He did not offer it for sale . . . and that, I can assure you, is unlike Graatz. Instead, he put it at the back of an escritoire . . . and forgot all about it. To one who knows Graatz as I do, that is very extraordinary.

"One day, he came upon it again, but apparently it no longer exerted quite the same sinister influence over him, for he took it out and put a little label on it marked a thousand francs—this, of course, was before the war. Two days later, the ring had disappeared."

"And the hand?" asked the young man.

"No . . . the hand was still where he had placed it. Someone had removed the ring, and damaged the hand in doing so. Naturally, Graatz was very annoyed. There had been several thefts in his shop just along then—you understand, of course, that in a shop of that character, with people wandering about examining this and that, it is very difficult to guard against theft.

"It is only a small shop, a very small shop, in spite of the fact that there are few establishments of its kind in the world so well known. Graatz usually had two assistants, but on the morning the ring was stolen, one of them was away ill, and Graatz was alone in the shop with the second, a man called Ducallier, a man who had been with him for some years . . . but I'm keeping you standing! Pray sit down."

Birnbaum placed a chair for the serious young man before he continued:

"It was Ducallier who drew the attention of M. Graatz to the theft. There had not been more than half a dozen people in the shop that morning, and most of them were known to Graatz. But in this business, one of the earliest things one learns is to cut one's losses. Graatz took the hand—since without the ring it was of little or no value—and put it away in a cupboard. Half an hour or so later, he went out to lunch.

"The affair had rather got on his nerves. The feeling that there was something sinister in the hand with its blood-red ring, came back to him with redoubled force."

"I can quite understand that," said the serious young man.

"In a way, I can, too," Birnbaum continued. "Although I'm not a particularly nervy individual, as my friend here will testify."

This was the first sign Birnbaum had given that he had not forgotten me.

"There's nothing wrong with your nerve!" I said with emphasis, for I was still a little sore over the miniature, which in his judgment when he was selling it was a Cosway.

"And, therefore," he went on, blandly, "I cannot quite appreciate why my friend Graatz should have allowed an idea, a vague foreboding, to upset his lunch, which was what he did. Personally, if I am in Paris, I allow nothing to upset my lunch; it seems such a waste." Birnbaum smiled, and, judging from his soft contours, I could well believe him.

"However, I diverge," he went on. "After lunch, M. Graatz returned to the little shop in the Rue de la Paix to find the police in possession.

"Of course, no one wants the police in possession of one's shop, even in London. It is, however, a much more serious matter in Paris. Once they get in, goodness knows when they will go.

"But on this occasion, there was a certain excuse for their conduct, even for their interminable questions. The assistant, Ducallier, was lying on a Louis Quinze couch . . . dead."

"Dead?" ejaculated the serious young man.

"Dead!" repeated Birnbaum, and paused a moment before he continued: "You can imagine the horror of poor Graatz. He had left him an hour before, alive and well . . . and now, there he lay on a Louis Quinze couch . . . dead. Poor Graatz's nerves went to pieces. And this, more than anything, mystified the police. Curio dealers in the Rue de la Paix do not burst into tears, except under the stress of very great emotion. They questioned him and questioned him. The queer part was, that as far as he could tell, there was nothing missing from the shop.

"Syncope?" suggested the serious youth.

"No. It was not syncope. There were marks of fingers on his throat," replied Birnbaum so impressively that even I, the looker-on, was startled. "He had been strangled . . ."

"And there was nothing missing?" the serious youth asked. "There had been no robbery, no attempt at robbery?"

"There was nothing missing," Birnbaum repeated. Ultimately the police enquiries and investigations were completed and Graatz was left alone. But he was a broken man . . . his nerve had failed him. The hand . . . the sinister, evil influence of that hand settled on his spirit like a pall. He locked up the shop, and did not enter it again for several days. He would not have done so then, if the second assistant had not recovered from his indisposition and returned to work. But that morning he made an amazing, an unnerving discovery. When he went to get the hand of the Princess Amoru, he discovered . . . that the ring was once again on her finger . . ."

"I say!" the voice of the serious young man was almost a whisper.

"That is all," said Birnbaum, simply.

"But . . . what is the meaning of it . . . ?"

"I do not know. Nor do I care to enquire. In my judgment, sir, there are things better left alone, mysteries better unsolved."

"I do not agree with you. It is mere cowardice to avoid facing the truth. *I* could give you a theory which would cover the facts as you have stated them."

"With all respect, I do not desire to hear it," said Birnbaum, with a touch of dignity. "There are things which, in my judgment, we are not intended to understand, depths to which we are not meant to descend."

"I will give you the equivalent of a thousand francs for the ring," said the serious young man.

Birnbaum shook his head.

"I am not keen on selling it. It is a ring with a history."

"I will give you the equivalent of a thousand pre-war francs—forty pounds," the youth replied.

"Well . . ."—Birnbaum hesitated—"I have told you its story. Whatever happens, you cannot say I let you buy it in ignorance! Since you are so . . . so insistent, you may have it for forty pounds."

And presently the serious young man took it away with him.

"I suppose it was worth almost what he paid for it?" I asked, when he had gone.

Birnbaum made a gesture, gallic and complete.

"He is a wealthy young man," he said. "It was worth it to him."

"But it was a lovely ruby."

"Hardly. A garnet . . . I think," said Birnbaum, blandly.

"Then it wasn't worth ten!" I protested.

"Not to you or me," agreed Birnbaum. "But to him . . . yes."

"Anyway, it was quite an interesting story," I said.

"Quite," agreed Birnbaum. "I have heard Graatz use it to much greater effect, however, in that little shop in the Rue de la Paix. But even in my humble way, I suppose, in the last ten years I've sold a dozen garnet rings with its aid."

"That miniature you sold me didn't come from the Princess's tomb, by any chance?" I asked, with a pardonable touch of sarcasm.

"Oh, no," said Birnbaum, with a pleasant smile. "You wouldn't have had it for six guineas if it had!" H. H.

Cursory Remarks!

BY STAN TERRY

MAUD: "Why doesn't George wear those things over his ears like Reggie?'
KITTY: "Oh, George doesn't mind hearing what the other players say to him!"

The "Light Fantastic"

I.B.

THE FLYING ANGEL

Miss Graham Remoli, who is a visitor to St. Moritz, photographed on the rink. The Flying Angel, in which the skater skims over the ice at breakneck speed, is particularly graceful to watch

Sport and General

IN FULL SWING

A photograph which shows that the skaters as well as the skating season are going with a swing. The exhibition is one of those which are being given by Miss Freda Whitaker and Mr. Phil Taylor at St. Moritz

I.B.

PAS DE DEUX

The Baroness Elpons and Miss Fisher figure skating on the Kulm Rink, at St. Moritz. There is nothing more graceful than an exhibition of perfect figure skating

Sport and General

ON WITH THE DANCE

Captain and Mrs. T. D. Richardson dancing on the Suvretta Rink, at St. Moritz. They are both well known in the world of Olympic skating

in an Alpine Setting

Central Press

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC—"

Wherever one goes in Winter Sports Land there is music, in the hotels and on the rinks. This photograph of an exhibition dance was taken on the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz

Sport and General

THE HEIGHT OF PROFICIENCY

To the novice the ice is either too far away or strikes one as being unpleasantly near. This expert, however, has achieved the most spectacular heights with his stilts

UP IN ARMS

Miss Hilda Ruckert and Mr. Howard Nicholson show that the phrase can have an entirely pacific meaning when applied to skating. They are giving their display at St. Moritz

"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH" *I.B.*

Miss Freda Whitaker and Mr. Phil Taylor photographed in Russian guise at St. Moritz. In his own sphere the expert skater very often out-ballets the Russian Ballet, with an added spice of thrills for the onlooker

PARISIANA

By "Rene"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"And rushes *un baiser vertigineux*"

MES AMIS—

WHEN one lives in Paris continuously nothing is so helpful as a "corrective" view every once in a while, provided by somebody who has been absent for a long spell. It brushes away the film that is apt to gather over the eyes from too close and prolonged contact. In a fierce week-end carried through at top speed with a friend who had not been here for ten years I realised fully some among the changes which have developed too gradually to be appreciated during the process.

AS we rattled along the Grands Boulevards, coming from the Gare du Nord, my friend commented, "There must be an abundance of mighty fine plays running in Paris just now to take all the people off the boulevards." "But the boulevards are showing as many people as usual," I responded, surprised-like. "Then what's come over Paris?" he asked, "for in my real Paris days, before the war, the boulevards would have been crowded at this time of night, and you would have had to battle for a seat on a café-terrace. At the moment you can count the folk on the terraces even during a taxi-whizz."

HE was right. I appreciated for the first time that the Grands Boulevards lately have been about as lively as Fargate, Sheffield; Portland Street, Manchester; or Milsom Street, Bath—all wide and worthy promenades in their way, but not a suitable standard for what the Grands Boulevards of La Ville Lumière ought to be. Parisians are going to bed early; not merely that section of early risers who always had to go early to bed for business reasons, but also those who were the *flâneurs de nuit*. A sad state of things.

AND now a German, one of those few friendly and sympathetic Germans, has discovered worse things about Paris. He says it with sorrow, not with the gleeful guffaw you might expect from a German critic. The dreadful likeness which Paris is on the road towards assuming is that of Munich. What a prospect. And the gaiety-clogging stream on which we are being borne to this undesirable emulation is that of beer, "beer, which leadens hearts and wits."

"*Petites dames* clothed only in *blanc gras*"

HE remarked beer on every second table. One can feel his twinge of regret as he speaks of the decadence of the *plus noble pays du vin*. Unfortunately, there can be no doubt over his counting. Parisians are not drinking wine as they did. While devoting a lot of time to blaming Americans and Norwegians for being "dry," they order themselves bottles of beer instead of gloom-chasing Burgundy or Bordeaux. Fancy a German having to plead with Parisians to drink wine in order not to become Germanised. Oh, what a change was there!

"Who is an ultra-modernist"

A FINGER having been placed on the spot, it is clear now that many of the local theatre-managers have been drinking beer, some of them perhaps water. But the joyous people who operate at the Palais-Royal have clung to the good red wine. There is no fading away of the piquancy which is expected at this house. *Le Monsieur de Cléopâtre*, the new piece, will stand well in the ranking of the theatre and in the records of MM. Armont and Gerbidon, authors of the classic *École des Cocottes*.

THERE is something of the main idea of the *Cocottes' School* in the philosophy of *Cleopatra's Man*, wherein it is indicated that "sentimental experience" is a very helpful, to say nothing of agreeable, stepping stone to material success in life. As a preliminary example we are shown how it brings courage to a very timid young professor of history, who has been taken behind the scenes of a music-hall to cheer him up after his *fiancée* has broken with him because he lacks fire.

WHEN the *petites dames* clothed only in *blanc gras* laugh in his face on account of his ridiculous timidity, he pulls himself together with such violence that he tells the costume designer the extent of the insult to history which the costumes commit, bashes the head of a hanger-on, and challenges the stage-manager to a duel. His courage grows to the degree of indulging in confidences with the *petite Charlette*. As he becomes tearful in revealing that he has no hope of ever being amorously kissed, she wipes away the gathering tear-cloud and rushes *un baiser vertigineux*.

AVAUNT timidity. Professor Courvoisier abandons the university where he was preparing a ponderous tome on Cleopatra, and learns so much more about Cleopatra from Charlette that he straightway becomes a most

(Continued on page 34)

Hoop-la!

Gilbert René

A study of Mlle. Poppy, who, as the photograph shows, is an attraction in revue circles in Paris. At present she is appearing at the Théâtre du Boulevard

captivating *conferencier,* amassing piles of money and yards of honour-ribbons. His finest discourse is given on the night he learns that Charlette has gone off with another, this being the revenge of one Sperenzetta, with whom Charlette has successfully disputed a *rôle*. Further evidence of the authors that "sentimental experience" is a stimulant to art, and success therein.

S

Though good relations may be a stimulant to art, it is not always the case that art is a stimulant to good relations. As witness the affair of M. Sarraut and M. Chiappe, famous men both in the day-to-day history of France. M. Albert Sarraut is Minister of the Interior, and thus parliamentary head of the police forces of France. M. Chiappe is Directeur de la Sûreté, and therefore the working head of police activities.

S

Until recently it had been generally agreed that no head permanent official had ever worked in more complete community with the political chief than M. Chiappe, a Corsican with a resemblance to Napoleon, worked with M. Albert Sarraut. The understanding was perfect. M. Chiappe scarce required to wait for instructions. Almost automatically he could divine them. But lately the report had been circulated that there was such a serious rift between the two that there was likelihood of a separation. Everybody felt that the importance of the policy must be exceedingly grave to provoke such a difference between the two perfect associates.

"Disputed a *rôle*"

S

And now it has been revealed that the conflict arises over a question of art, or what is art. M. Sarraut is having his portrait painted by an artist who is an ultra-modernist. To save time the painter executes his work while the Minister is engaged at his bureau. It appears that the portrait is *très vivant,* but of a style that is certain to shock those who dislike the audacities of the new school. And M. Chiappe is an art lover but *un pur des purs,* a disciple of the classic.

S

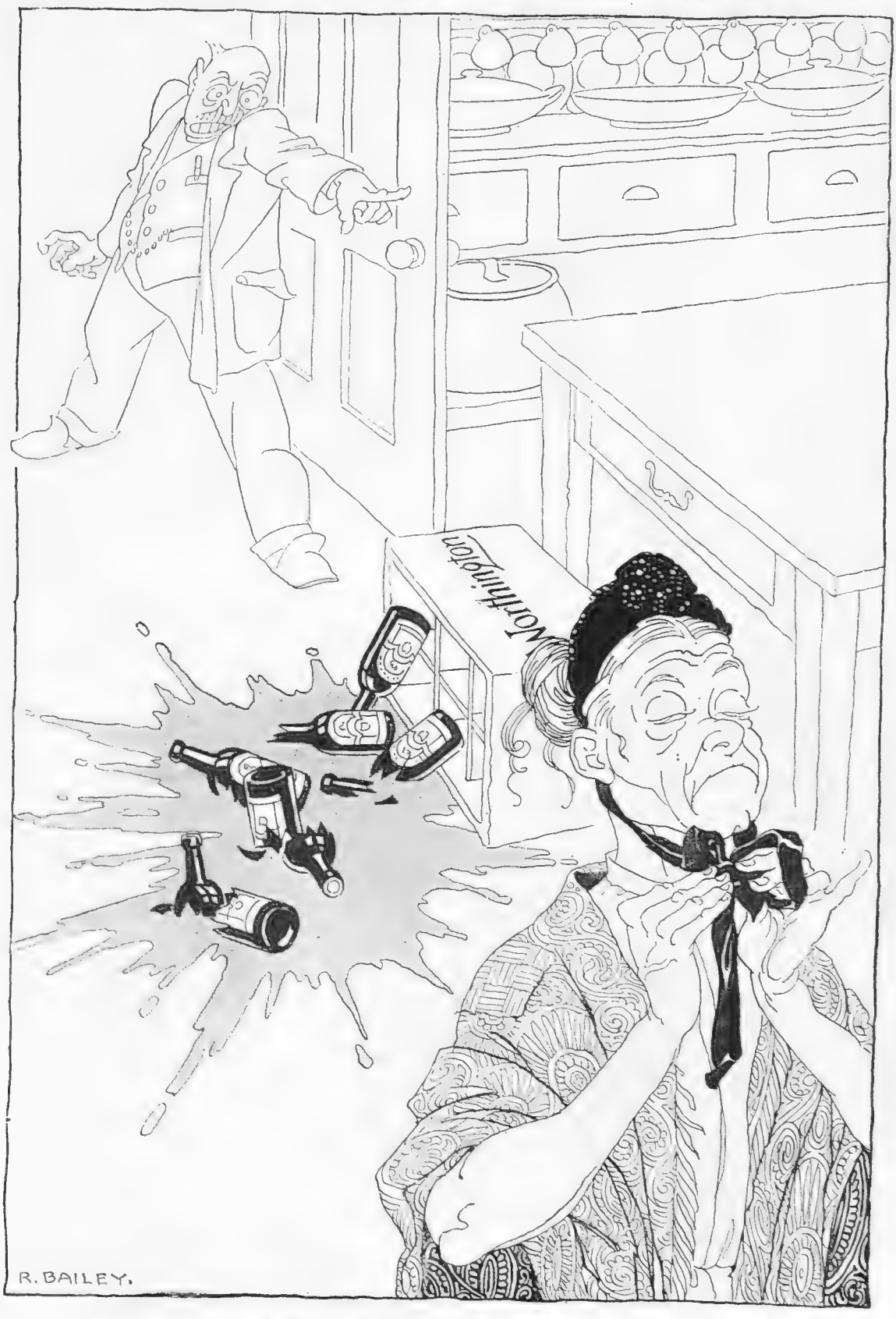
Every time he enters the Minister's cabinet his whole body is shaken by a violent shudder. Several times he has had to seek temporary relief in flight. On the last occasion he was called back and told, "If you do that again I will order that your portrait shall be painted by the same artist." A very perilous menace. It might lead to a Corsican vendetta! René.

By Edwin Morrow

"AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS"

The Socialist candidate of the future returns from a tiring evening's electioneering

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY"

RUGGER REACTIONS

TIGERS AND BARBARS

By "PENDARVES"

IN ADVANCE no cunning theory as to why they call the Leicester Rugby Club "The Tigers" always. It can't be because of their striped jerseys, for none of the tigers I have ever shot (in my sleep) has been arrayed like one of these. It must be some obscure local legend. That the Barbarians should be called "Barbars" is, of course, obvious—since that is whence the original race got their name; they were supposed to say "Bar! Bar!" to everything that was addressed to them. Modern men do this, too, sometimes—but the word has another, and more expensive, interpretation nowadays.

Anyway, the Barbarians arrived on the third most perfectly equipped Rugger ground in Great Britain the other day to give battle; the other two Rugger grounds, from a point of view of perfection in construction and equipment being Murrayfield, Edinburgh, first, and Twickenham, English Rugby Union headquarters, second. I suppose the Leicesterians are full of money? Those sitting round about me in the stand certainly gave that impression. So that with it they are able to build a ground within five minutes' walk, so to speak, of everybody's office, which can empty itself of 30,000 people without any squashing or congestion, in under twelve minutes. Would that Twickenham was like this! And with what was left over they were able to erect goal-post uprights which seem to prick the sky. "So much easier," they say, "for the feller who is taking a place kick." So it is. So also is it duly impressive to the visitor from London, who sees where the money of England *really* is.

Now, the fifteen Tigers are a proposition to be reckoned with pretty seriously at all times and in all places, but especially on their own ground, with the Christmas holiday spirit still rampant amongst the super-tax paying supporters all over that ground. And when I saw the Barbars' side printed in my morning newspaper I hurried down to Leicester feeling perfectly certain that this was yet another of those camouflaged Trials for the England team of which we hear so little and see so much. Also, I had a morbid desire to see how many of the Probables would get crocked before the first International, for the Tigers play as fiercely as their name implies.

And it was a game that any holiday crowd would have loved, anywhere. Fast, open, skilful, full of thrills from start to finish. The critics knew, of course, that this match of Barbars against Tigers was one of the best games of the season to watch, and many came down from London for a sight of it. It was well worth their journey; 13-8 in favour of Leicester was the final score, though a draw would more fairly have represented the run of the game.

It is a particularly inspiring sight for keen followers of the Rugby game, as the Leicester crowd are, to see their side in the second half reduce a deficit of 8-3 to all square at 8 all by an absolutely perfect movement across the field of their halves and threequarters, ending in an equally perfect cross kick, resulting in a try and a goal. Better still to see them initiate yet another brilliant movement to get the lead at 13-8, holding this to the end. One felt quite glad that Leicester pulled it off in the end—the crowd's Christmas holiday would have been distinctly marred otherwise.

It was a game in which individuals on both sides were conspicuous—more so than in any game I have seen this season. To deal with only a few of them, that excellent scrum half, Bunny, o. Richmond, was down on the programme as "A. T. Young." This no doubt bucked him up frightfully, for most of the Leicesterians thought they were being privileged to watch the famous International. Well, they were watching someone nearly as good. That little fellow will go far. He has most of Young's attributes and nearly all his football brains. His opposite number, John Russell, who might, one would have thought, have been designated as Squadron-Leader J. C. Russell, D.S.O., on the programme, still goes on playing sound football, though he must surely be approaching the eighties? He has an interestingly scientific manner of throwing the ball out to his other half, the method and reason of which he explained to me at great length the other night — something about the "men running in and on . . ." But you know how it is when these Rugger players get on to their pet theories!

This man Greenlees, who plays fly-half to Russell, is a paragon of all the virtues. In my view he is better than Herbert Waddell—there will probably be another rising over the Border about this remark—and if he is picked for Scotland, and can combine with Nelson as Waddell does so ably, Scotland have still got about the best pair of half-backs in the world, barring nobody.

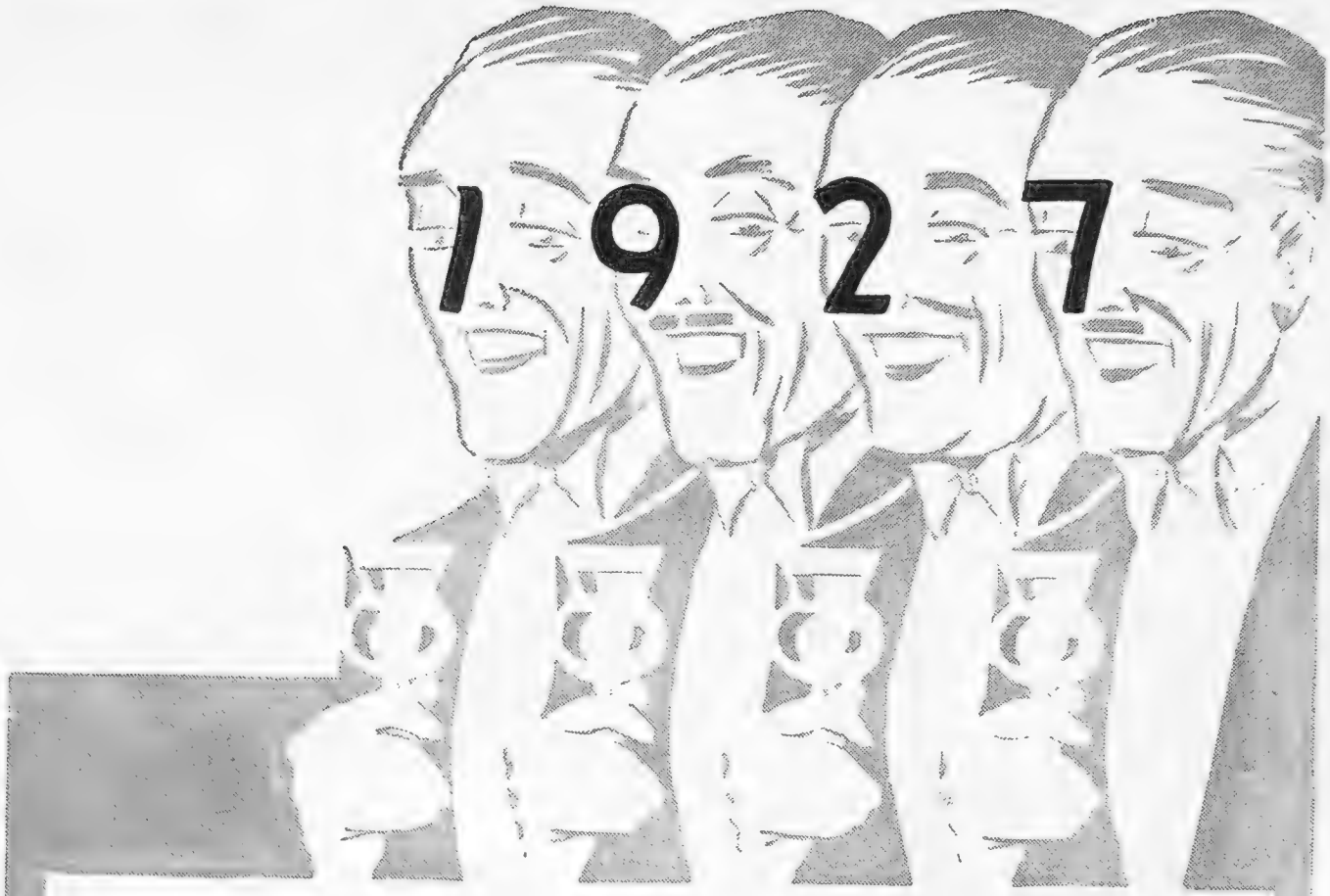
Young "Morty" Dykes, from Glasgow, is playing a very fine game for Leicester this season; and to have to get into the back row of one of the best club scrums in the country every Saturday before thousands of highly critical eyes, and acquit yourself consistently well is no light task. If he can put on a bit more weight I imagine that Murrayfield will see him ere long upon one of its great days. His father led the Scotch pack years ago—and it seems to be "like father—" etc.

The Leicester Club have an efficient way of marking the backs of their forwards (this is not a joke) with large letters, A, B, C, D, etc., as well as numbers on the programme. Very helpful to spectators down from town. Why don't we do this sort of thing "in the South"? The forward who has off days says "God forbid!" I don't blame him!

Short and General

A SLIP IN MID-FIELD

A French player slips with the ball in the recent game between Blackheath and the Racing Club de France at the Rectory Field. Blackheath won comfortably by 43 points to 6



THE TOAST —

"Old Friends"

Schweppes

SODA WATER

An old friend who helps
you face each New Year
with the right spirits

RAE

Photo:

MISS WARD JACKSON CHATTING WITH MISS M. CHAMBERLAYNE

"A HUNTING

A photograph which provides a
the Heythrop at Barton Abbey. It gives
typical meet of

WE WILL GO"

comprehensive view of a recent meet of a remarkably good impression of a English Foxhounds

MISS BROADBENT AT BARTON ABBEY

Topical

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Percy Heybourn

THE passing of Mr. Percy Heybourn is much regretted in racing circles as well as in the City, where he had been a big man in Marconi operations practically since the introduction of the wireless industry. I had known him for many years in connection with the Turf. An owner of the best type, he was not afraid to bet when he fancied one of his horses, but he rarely speculated in a large way. He was fortunate in that he got hold of several horses who gained considerable distinction under National Hunt Rules. Percy Heybourn was always a great admirer of Jim Bell as a trainer and of George Duller as a jockey. These two certainly served him remarkably well. The apple of his eye was Trespasser, who, after a brilliant career over hurdles and on the flat, is now standing at the stud at Newmarket.

A Great Hurdler

SEVERAL times Mr. Heybourn took me out to see the horse in his box, and he is certainly a most commanding individual. You will remember that Trespasser carried off the Imperial Cup at Sandown Park three seasons in succession, a performance which I do not expect to see repeated. Vermouth was a smart performer over hurdles in his younger days, and went on to win one of the war-time substitutes for the Grand National at Gatwick. Mr. Heybourn was not so successful on the flat as he was in winter racing, but in recent years he had a few horses in training with R. W. Colling at Newmarket as well as with Mr. Bell at Epsom. After having recovered from a severe operation some time ago, this good sportsman passed peacefully away in his sleep one night last week.

Good Sport

WINTER racing continues to enjoy luck in the matter of weather. Rarely has it happened that the first half of the winter programme has been uninterrupted by frost or fog. Up to the present we have not lost a single meeting under National Hunt Rules, and, what is more, the sport has been unusually entertaining. In fact, it is difficult to recall a more successful jumping season, though, of course, we are by no means out of the wood, and some bad streaks may be in store for us during the next two months. Among the newcomers to hurdle racing the greatest disappointment has been Friar Wile. I candidly confess that when Sir Robert McAlpine gave a big price for this colt and sent him into the able hands of Mr. J. M. Bell I fully expected that he would become a champion hurdle racer. Unfortunately Friar Wile has gone the wrong way. It is not every horse, however brilliant he may have been on the flat, who takes kindly to hurdle racing. It is now tolerably clear that Friar Wile is by no means in love with the game. He did not seem to have a particularly difficult task at Newbury last week, but he failed to put the slightest heart into his work and allowed himself to be decisively beaten by Smith Seal. The latter was a moderate performer on the flat, but displays a considerable aptitude for the jumping game. I was much impressed by his performance at Newbury.

By "THE TOUT"

MR. FRED PARKER

A caricature of the famous professional backer in "Tatts," who is one of the greatest opponents of Mr. Churchill's Betting Tax

A Tight Struggle

TAKEN all round, the Newbury meeting was decidedly successful. We had all the excitement that could be wished for in the finish for the Reading Steeplechase on the opening afternoon. The well-backed Lordi found himself with a good deal of ground to make up after jumping the last fence, but he responded gamely to the vigorous calls of his jockey, and in the very last stride managed to make a dead-heat with Transit. Nobody can complain of lack of interest in steeplechasing when we get such stirring struggles as this one.

HUNTING AND POLO NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Question of Damage

SOME remarks made by Mr. E. M. Nunneley, a veteran Northamptonshire agriculturist, at the annual dinner of his branch of the Farmers' Union, are deserving of wide publicity. He said that as a farmer of fifty-nine years' experience he could honestly testify that hunting is a great asset to the farmers of Northamptonshire. "For twenty years," remarked Mr. Nunneley, "I have farmed 900 acres in the centre of the Pytchley country, and I believe that nine times out of ten hunting has not cost me more than 2d. per acre damage by the end of the season. You may think the day after people have ridden over your fields that the damage has been considerable, but wait until May or June, and you will find that very little harm has been done." According to his estimate the damage caused by riders to hounds on his property worked out at about £5 a year on the average. "But think," he added, "of the thousands of pounds spent on hunting in the country and you will agree that farmers derive far more benefit than injury from hunting."

Farmers and the Prince

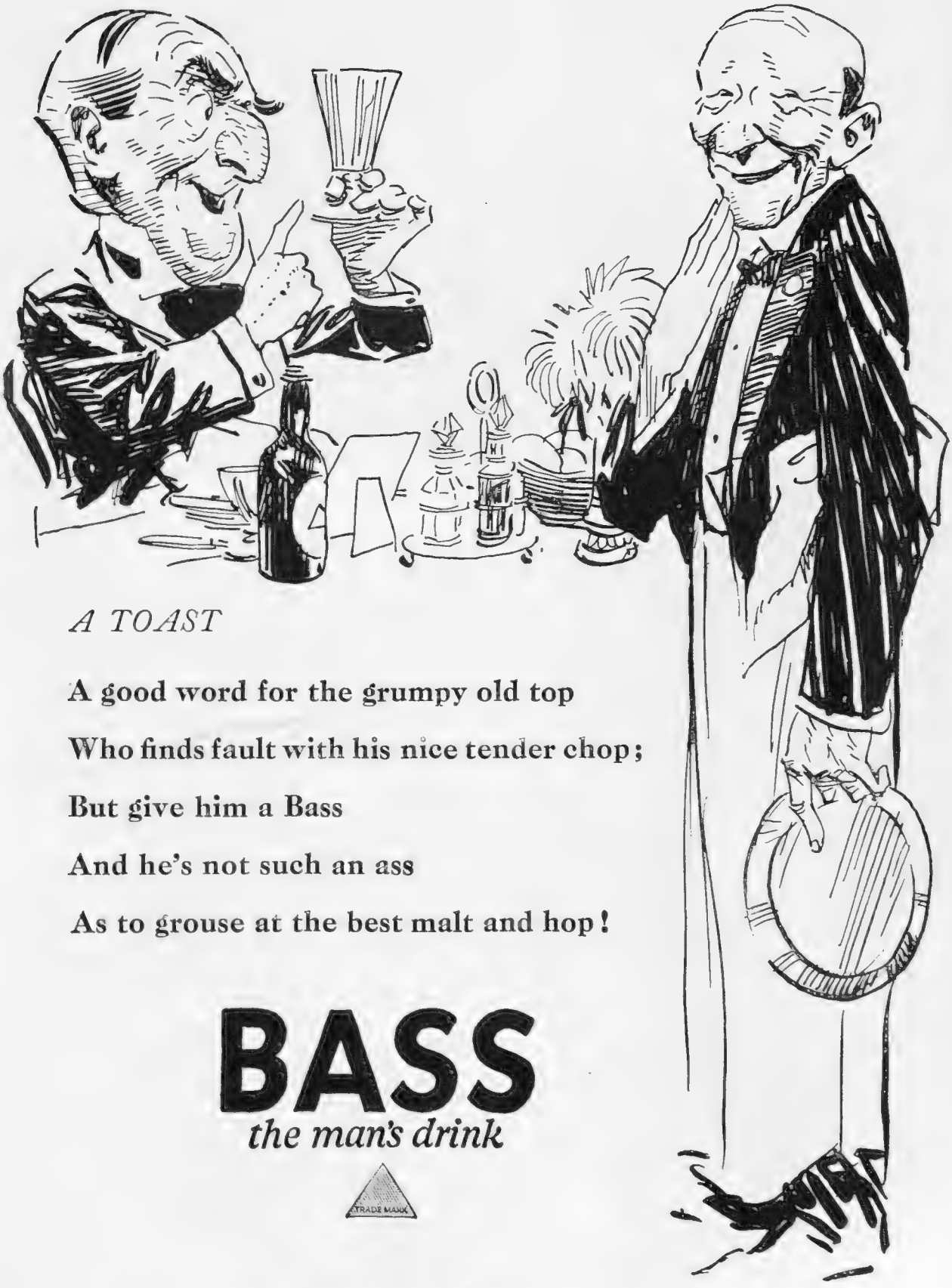
AMONG those present at the Northamptonshire dinner to which I have referred was the Prince of Wales. You may be sure that he had a tremendous reception from the great crowd of farmers who were there. The Prince's neat little speech was very much appreciated. He spoke of the sense of unity and co-operation which is the basis of the National Farmers' Union, and he paid the Northamptonshire men the compliment of saying that no branch of the Union is better run or better led than their own. After having hunted regularly in the Midland district for about a couple of months, the Prince of Wales took the opportunity of having a day with the West Norfolk Hounds while at Sandringham for Christmas. He was fortunate in coming in for a really good hunt with that pack on Boxing Day. In the course of this run hounds made a point of seven miles in less than two hours, covering a wide extent of country.

International Polo

THE news which came from Delhi last week was particularly interesting. It appears that the selection committee of the Army in India team has now decided to invite Captain C. T. I. Roark to join the side. This step will meet with the warm approval of all who have been following polo affairs. Undoubtedly Captain Roark is a player of the real international type, and the team which is to visit America this year would not be complete without him. It has to be borne in mind that Captain Roark has had the advantage in recent seasons of playing on Mr. Stephen Sanford's superb ponies. It must necessarily be questionable whether he will maintain his reputation when less efficiently mounted.

A Sporting Enterprise

NOBODY in this country seems to believe that it has the smallest chance of bringing back the International Cup, but I remember that when Lord Wimborne's team went to America in 1914 pessimism was similarly rife. That side achieved the unexpected, and I sincerely hope the same luck will attend the Army in India enterprise. In any case, surely it is up to polo people in this country to give the expedition every encouragement that is in their power. Even if the team is beaten, it will at least have the satisfaction of having attempted something which the Hurlingham Club does not feel capable of doing on its own account this year. The personnel of the side will not be definitely decided upon until after the players have got into shape on the Meadow Brook grounds. It is not intended that the team shall practise in England before crossing the Atlantic, the idea being that matches on the comparatively slow London grounds might slow up its game.



A TOAST

A good word for the grumpy old top
Who finds fault with his nice tender chop;
But give him a Bass
And he's not such an ass
As to grouse at the best malt and hop!

BASS

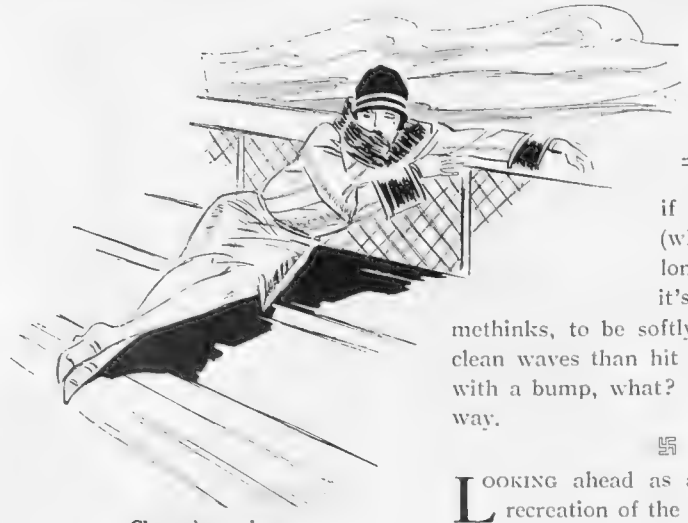
the man's drink

TRADE MARK

BV6 **A GOOD WORD FOR EVERYBODY**

LOOKING AHEAD

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



Channel crossing

LONDON, *January* 3.

DEAR COUSIN—

So it's all over, T.G., as they say, or, in other words, *grâce à Dieu*. The tumult and the shoutings died, the Captains and the Kings have departed, as one of our poets once remarked in those immortal lines that were finally guaranteed enduring fame, weren't they? when one of our celebrated wartime Censors cut 'em out, the dear, sweet, loyal things, from a leading article or somewhere in one of the newspapers during the late War, 'cos it was giving the enemy information about "important military movements"—or, anyway, so the story goes. But what I really mean to say is, we have at last finally (and on the whole quite reluctantly) said farewell or *au revoir* to Christmas *plus* New Year festivities and things, and now've started all sort of anew and afresh.

MOVED right along to the bow of the ship, as you might say, we have—clambered over the ropes and binnacles and pinnacles and hawsers and whatnot and settled ourselves down in the keen fresh air that comes swishing right through you as you gaze forth, draughtily but bravely, across the foaming main . . . looking ahead. Always rush there first thing I do, even if only just crossing the Channel — supposing one does happen to be travelling old-fashionedly by sea instead of by air, which must say I always do unless otherwise compelled—the sea affair, I mean, because after all there *is* more room to move about and you *can* smoke, and if you've got to die (which one often longs to in either) it's better, surely, methinks, to be softly engulfed in nice clean waves than hit any old landscape with a bump, what? But that's by the way.

It's wrong for some of the legs to look the way they do

LOOKING ahead as a topical sport or recreation of the moment was what I was talking about, methinks, and very nice, too. Nothing like the fascination of new things, what? however good the old ones are—whether it's years or hats or frocks or shows or, for that matter, places. Which last, of course, this is anyway *one* of the best moments for sampling novelties in, if you keep somewhere to the southward of Marseilles, that is, or else at least four or five thousand feet to the northward of sea-level in the land of Swiss snows. And must say, above all—

I miss my Swiss miss—I mean ski—
My Swiss ski (I hope) miss me—

if I can't manage to make that New Year ship go plunging somehow, somewhen, into that magic sea of glittering, sparkling whiteness and golden sunshine and deep blue sky and generally intoxicating clean ecstasy which we so feebly in our halting and prosaic English call just a winter sports holiday.

BUT even if we aren't being actually wafted to any of these terrestrial paradises—oh, the exquisite rapture of a fragrant soft Sicilian January morning among the oranges and lemons of the Concha d'Ors at Palermo, or glimpsing from the hot sunshine of the Greek theatre at Taormina little curling wavelets on the shore far, far below, of what was once Naxos, where all sorts of thrilling things happened, I believe, about 1,000 or so B.C. and then some. . . . Quite apart and besides and on top of such-like joyous and entrancing real journeys, there's always likewise, isn't there, all the fascination of faring forth into new emprises (don't you love that word?) and inventing new experiences and things with opening scene of a perfectly good young effort of an entirely novel and fresh twelvemonth as pushing-off point, so to speak.

RATHER nice, looking ahead, is not it? Only so few people do it they say, and that's why so many of what Noo Yark in its expressive dialect calls jay-walkers get done in among the traffic of our great Metropolis and elsewhere, I suppose. Simply will *not* realise, they won't, it seems, that in these motoring days if you're a mere pedestrian there's only two kinds of you (as P.C. Noah once remarked when on point duty, but no one's said a better one since), the quick and the dead. Rather nice looking ahead—to the time, *e.g.*, when there won't be any more sprained-ankle Charlestoning around, as at those very bright and breezy Charleston Ball orgies that Mr. Cochran's been giving at the Albert.

"There is nothing wrong in looking at legs"

ABSOLUTELY and completely dead you know, the Charleston's been for some quite considerable time in the U.S.A., where it originally came from. Which well-known fact is further confirmed if you really want to hear about it, by certain Cambridge undergrads who are having a special revel this very moment in above-mentioned alleged capital of God's so-called Own Country, and've written all the way home to say they're very busy doing quick foxtrots

(*Continued on page* 44)

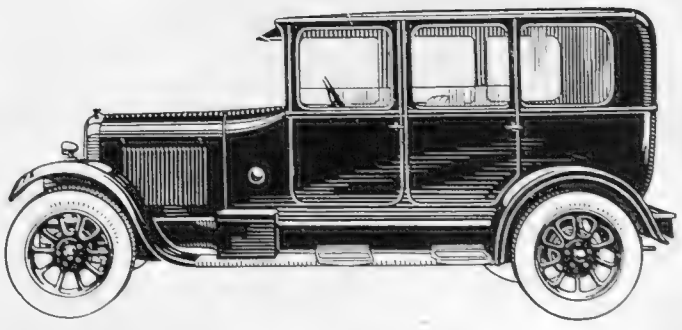
Whatever the weather

A CAR FOR COMFORT

THE Singer Saloon is a car for wintry weather when the wind is whistling through the streets and the snow drifting up the drive. Built for comfort it soothes and satisfies—luxury, refinement, reliability—everything a car should possess and give can be yours with a Singer Saloon. Plenty of leg room, width for three, pneumatic upholstery, pile carpets, winding windows, roller blinds, interior lights, roof cords for hats or papers, ash trays, commodious pockets — these and many other refinements are all to be found in a SINGER Saloon—both in the "Senior" Model at £260 and the "Six" with six-cylinder engine at £350. Each one in its class the biggest value in British Saloons. Dunlop tyres are fitted. May we send you full particulars? Singer and Company Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: 202, Great Portland Street, W.1.

SINGER

SALOON



H.P.

and ancient *chassez* steps and even a few waltzes, but no ankle-twisting, not on your life. P'raps slightly characteristic Americano pose *n'est-ce pas?* going back to antiquity and so on, but all the same must say this time I do for once rather agree. And especially and above all as me-thinks we, or at any rate some of us, are now still making quite a kind of *furore* about what you might call almost one of America's leavings—and I can't say no fairer nor that, can I?

卐

DANCING's a disease though, says dear Mrs. Kendal, and I daresay she's right, but rather a pleasant one all the same, what? And not sure I altogether feel forced or compelled to go to a Doctor when seized by fell clutches of aforesaid ailment or epidemic—unless he's got some new steps that he'll include in bill for medical attendance, that is. A disease, dear brethren and sistren, says she—yes, yes, perchance *elle a raison,* and a singularly catching variety at that. And don't mind being ill not one bit, I don't, not this way, so long as I can get the symptoms absolutely right and correct, at any rate.

卐

BUT there's lots and lots and heaps and heaps of quite apparently innocent private pleasures that are public dangers if you only believe all they tell you, including even what's surely one of *the* most innocent and innocuous of all, namely, viz., and that is to say—kissing. 'Orrid news is not it, and I do rather wonder whoever's going to be so brave and bold as to take the risk, don't you, dear cousin? And if they do, all I can say is they deserve all they get, and good luck to 'em, what?

"In these motoring days"

卐

STILL, am sure they all *mean* quite and entirely well, these purgers of the world, of its pests so to speak—even including the kind that still go about asking if it isn't shameful the way we show our legs. Hark to the astonishing words of Lord Dewar.

卐

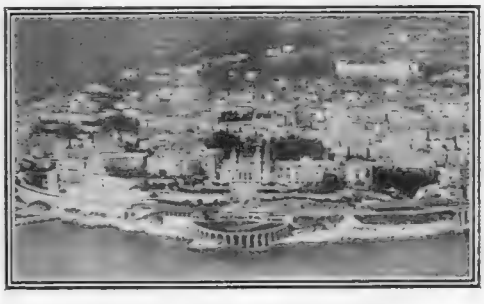
THERE is nothing wrong in looking at legs (sez 'e). That's what they're there for. . . . But it *is* wrong, he adds, for some of the legs to look like that. To which few kind words one can but reply Amen, or words to that effect, accompanied by loud cheers. We will now conclude with the Gold-Digger's toast as expounded by Tallulah at the Lyric Theatre—"Here's to quick results and no consequences," whatever that may mean.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON



Bird's-eye View of Monte Carlo

HARDLY had the posters been put up, announcing the opening of the Opera Season for January 25th, than the General Secretary of the Theatre was besieged with demands for subscriptions for Season Tickets.

Those who are lucky enough to be numbered amongst the "habitués" of the "Salle Garnier," that gem of theatrical architecture, know that they can be assured of getting everything that a fervent devotee to music can ever wish for, *i.e.*, a highly-interesting programme, the most renowned artistes, an orchestra which is second to none, conducted by two of the finest leaders in Europe, realistic and elaborate scenery, while the costumes are carried out to perfection, every detail being studied for the rendering of the part personified by the wearer.

Camille SAINT-SAENS' beautiful work, SAMSON and DELILA, will be given on the opening night, Tuesday, January 25th: a fitting ending to the celebrations of the afternoon for the inauguration of the monument erected to the memory of the great French composer. The principal parts being sung by Mme. Poolman, Messrs. Franz, Tilkin-Servais, Lapeyre and Regad.

Some interesting productions are to be staged during the course of the coming season such as: Puccini's PRINCESS TURANDOT, Weber's OBERON—on the occasion of this eminent composer's centenary—Strauss's ROZEN KAVALIER, Wagner's PARSIFAL. Then we shall be treated to the following revivals:—

Berliox's DAMNATION OF FAUST, Wagner's WALKYRIE, Moussorgsky's BORIS GODOUNOFF, Massenet's THAIS and HERODIADE, Verdi's OTELLO and TRAVIATA, Puccini's BUTTERFLY and TOSCA, Delibes' LAKME, Crocker and Redding's FAY-YEN-FAH, Offenbach's TALES OF HOFFMANN, Raoul Gunsbourg's IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

The principal artistes engaged to sing the chief parts in this attractive and well-selected programme, are: Mmes. BEAUJON, BELLINCIONI, BOURDON, DALLA RIZZA, DUBOIS-LAUGER, FERRER, FLAVY, GALLAIS, GAULEY, GERMAINE LUBIN, PAMPALINI, PAVLINA, POOLMAN, PUJOL, RICHARDSON, YAKOVIEVA.

The tenors are: Messrs. CAPUZZO, DUBOIS, FILLON, FRANZ, MAISON, PUJOL, ZANELLI.

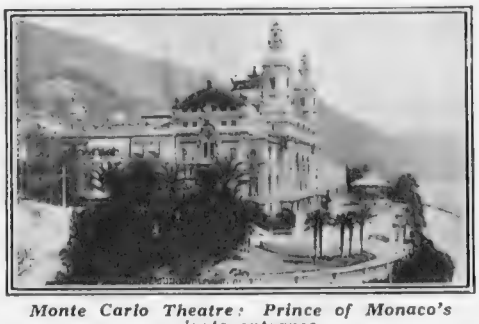
Baritones and Basses: Messrs. FERNANDEZ, LAFONT, LAPEYRE, LUBIN, MOZJOUKINE, REGAD, TILKIN-SERVAIS, VANNI-MARCOUX.

The orchestra will be under the leadership of Messrs. Léon JEHIN, Victor de SABATA, and M. Marc-César SCOTTO. The Chorus, which is said to be the best trained in the World, is under the guidance of M. Amédée de SABATA.

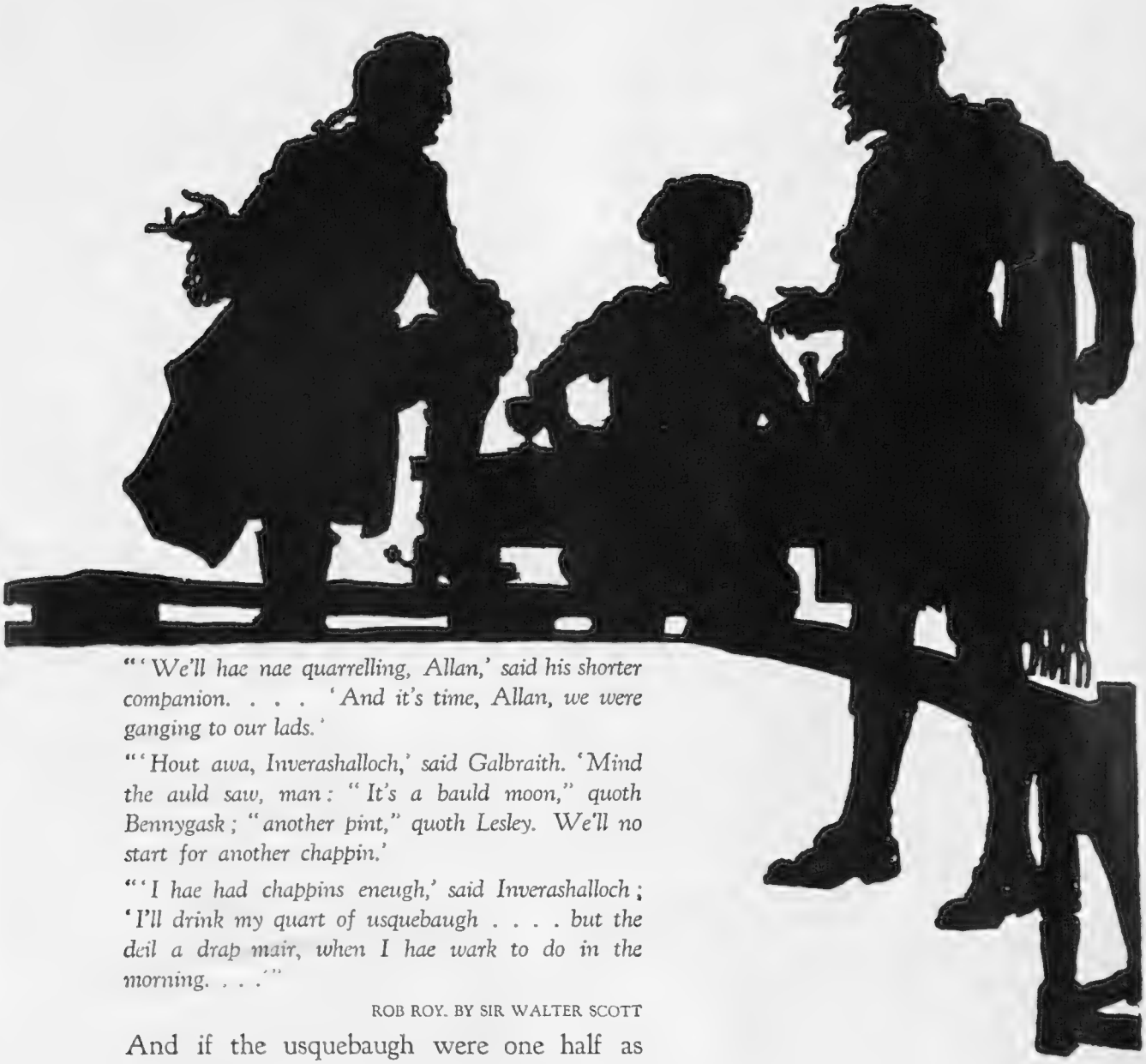
There are to be forty performances altogether, and two extra special ones for the benefit of the French and Italian Colonies' Charities.

The performances will take place on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings. A matinée will be given every Sunday afternoon.

The full Season Ticket will cost 1,200 frs., which works out at 30 frs. only for each performance. Visitors wishing to secure a seat for one performance only during the week can do so, choosing their special day and yet benefiting by a reduction of 5 frs. for each ticket. Subscriptions for these weekly tickets are 350 frs. for the duration of the season. Tickets for one performance only can be booked from the booking office, in the Atrium of the Casino, near the entrance to the theatre, for the sum of 40 frs. each. Season tickets should be applied for at an early date on account of the numerous demands already received by M. SCOTTO, General Secretary of the theatre.



Monte Carlo Theatre: Prince of Monaco's private entrance.



"'We'll hae nae quarrelling, Allan,' said his shorter companion. . . . 'And it's time, Allan, we were ganging to our lads.'

"'Hout awa, Inverashalloch,' said Galbraith. 'Mind the auld saw, man: "It's a bauld moon," quoth Bennygask; "another pint," quoth Lesley. We'll no start for another chappin.'

"'I hae had chappins eneugh,' said Inverashalloch; 'I'll drink my quart of usquebaugh . . . . but the deil a drap mair, when I hae wark to do in the morning. . . .'"

ROB ROY. BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

And if the usquebaugh were one half as good as its direct descendant, good, mellow Black & White, there is no wonder Major Galbraith refused to start without another "chappin." Galbraith, good Scot that he was, clung to a good thing when he found it. Major Galbraith was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

BRITISH AND BEST

A TALE OF PROGRESS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE immense advance made during the past few decades in the standards and level of type and quality in British Dogs is a matter for wonder and admiration, not simply among fanciers, but for all who use their eyes. It gets frequent acknowledgment from foreign authorities. It is due to a variety of causes. Our Dogs have been bred with a deal more eugenic skill, prudence, and foresight than is given to the propagation of our own species, and public understanding of them has been enlarged by considerable intelligent writing; enough, one hopes, to counterbalance the maudlin and often pernicious misleading matter also printed on the subject. But perhaps the most direct cause of this really wonderful advance—the commonality of dogdom included last century an appalling rabble of pathetic nondescripts, and there are still far too many mongrels and pariahs about—is improved feeding. Never was a truer saying than that "The breed goes in at the mouth"; and nowadays most Dogs that have real homes are far more correctly fed than they used to be.

For this, as for improved public understanding, we are deeply indebted to a few big businesses: manufactories of Dog-foods which in this country produce better stuff, and a wider range of it, than is found in any other part of the world. The debt is sometimes overlooked by Dog-lovers; its vital importance could hardly be exaggerated. There must be millions of money invested in it, and, fortunately for our Dogs, there are also first-rate brains and patient, exhaustive research, in the case of such great concerns as Spiller's Victoria Foods, Ltd., whose huge resources have been liberally drawn upon, in the job of providing perfect foods for Dogs, in health and in sickness, in puppyhood and maturity. Their provision lists leave the careless amateur no excuse for incorrect feeding; and their all-round enterprise—often of a costly rather than profitable nature—has much to do with the present unprecedented prosperity of British Dogdom. To this a notable tribute has just been paid. Dogdom's central authority, the Kennel Club, has arranged for the benching and feeding of all Dogs at its 66th, 67th, and 68th annual shows—this year, '28, and '29—to be entrusted to Spiller's Victoria Foods, Ltd.; an important point for all exhibitors, and another feather in the caps of such leaders as Mr. Cuthbert Allen, practical benefactors of the canine populace.

"Is it correct, as a supposed authority has recently stated, that following a bicyclist is a suitable form of exercise for Dogs, and one involving no hardship for them?" The only safe reply to this correspondent's enquiry is in the negative. It's true enough that some of the healthiest Dogs in the world, notably the sled Dogs of the North-West, will reel off their forty and fifty miles a day without harm; but, remember, they accomplish it at a steady fast walking pace, which makes it very different from half-hour bursts at from ten to twenty miles an hour speed. Where Hounds and Terriers, for example—not plethoric and elderly Spaniels or Retrievers, to take another example—are concerned, and where the cyclist is an intelligent person bent, not upon his own occasions as cyclist, but on the job of exercising Dogs, the thing's well enough; because Dogs in such cases would not be called upon to exceed something like a steady six miles an hour, in reasonable stretches. There is undoubted cruelty in calling upon Dogs to accompany a cyclist in the ordinary way, and in modern traffic it is highly dangerous.

There is good prospect of successful coursing meets being arranged this year for Salukis and Irish Wolfhounds: excellent sporting events, and highly beneficial to breed standards. Whippet racing becomes increasingly popular. Other specialist clubs should get busy. How about Deerhounds, Afghans, Borzois, and others among the fleet ones; Alsatians, for example? There's fine sport in such competitions, as there is in Bloodhound trailing. It interests and instructs the public, and helps the breeds.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

I HOPE the old-fashioned habit of making New Year resolutions will never die out. I don't think it will, because the beginning of a year, like one's birthday, is a natural time for thinking over things and marking progress or retrogression. Nearly all of us make some kinds of New Year resolutions. Most of us never keep them. But on the whole, as it is better to have loved and lost, it is better to have resolved and failed than never to have resolved at all.

A resolution, even if you fail to achieve it, does show a certain amount of idealism, and it is surely better than that smug, self-satisfied state of mind which recognises no necessity for improvement.

. . . . . .

After this brief homily, dearly beloved, let us come down to brass tacks. What about it? What about your Bridge? Are you playing better Bridge than you played this time last year? Are you playing worse? Or are you just stagnant? Do you know your besetting sins or are you unconscious of having any?

Do you see only the faults of your partners and not your own? Do you profit by experience?

These are only a few of the searching questions I would put to you at the beginning of a new Bridge year.

. . . . . .

How much I should like to be personal and apply the questions to particular players I have met. But I won't. I am sure in their turn they could put to me many "searchers." You will all realise their application, if not to you to your partners. What tiresome fellows these partners are!

They do the most outrageous things. They let us down again and again. They fail to support on bids when they should, and choose just the wrong moment for supporting us when they shouldn't.

That is what we think and probably say about them. But have you realised what they may think and say about you? Hear the words of wisdom: "The man is so unreliable in his bids that I dare not support him. When I did he went down badly, so next time I didn't when I could. Now if I had been playing with *you* I should have called quite differently."

. . . . . .

"A wise man will hold his tongue till he see opportunity. But a babbler and a fool will regard no time."

Those are words from Ecclesiasticus, and while, of course, they are not applicable to you, they should be printed on a card and handed to many of your partners and opponents.

Babblers at the Bridge table are a constant source of offence. The worst of it is they go on year by year and never alter. You know them. We all know them. But the words are still more applicable to the man who will always overcall, who cannot say "No bid," who will not bide his time.

. . . . . .

My point, then, is this: "Take care of your Bridge reputation." Whether it be in the matter of manners or mannerisms (most of us have mannerisms of which we are quite unconscious), bidding or play, to acquire a bad reputation at the card-table is fatally easy. "Give a dog a bad name" and you know what happens to him. Therefore it behoves us all at the beginning of the New Year to try to correct our Bridge faults and sins for our own sakes, as well as for those who play with us.

"He Sighed for the Love of a Ladye"

G. P. A.

IN PARIS

Phyllis Wilmot and Eugenie Raun, the English dancers who recently appeared at the Opera House, Daly's, and the Prince's Cabaret. They are now dancing with great success in Paris

BY HARRY DIXON

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

FEMINA

OF GWENDOLEN AND AMABEL

By "CANDIDA"

IT couldn't have happened except in America, where preposterous events in film life and real life still rain down from heaven, as it were. To be preposterous in America is apparently a distinction, and not an insult to one's *savoir-faire*. In America they still believe in sweeping back the sea with a broom if it doesn't roll to one's liking. Improbable things still happen to incredible people, and to make a tale go down which is too wildly fantastic for belief, all you've got to do is to stage it in America.

FOR instance: Where but in America would a benevolent old gentleman devote a quarter of a million to further what he pathetically calls the feminine virtues? Where would he take himself and them, the virtues, sufficiently seriously to build them a temple, as it were? In plain English, the temple is a college, and its aim is to organise these virtues and to prevent the great idea from drifting out into nothingness, which ideas mostly do when unsupported by dollars.

IN short, there's to be a new education to save the young woman—from education. America, having done her duty by her in colleges and places and given her a proper chance in life, the idea is now to save her from—yes, from what? No one knows exactly except this new saviour of society and, I suppose, the people he has taken into his confidence. I haven't seen the curriculum. I don't know where they built the college. I can't even be certain of the sort of virtues that are to be encouraged. The only clue to them would be in the life and opinions of the founder, and they haven't as yet filtered down to us.

BUT the less one knows, the more one can amuse oneself with guesses. I am sure that the founder of the new college isn't young. If he were he'd hardly have a quarter of a million to fling away on an idea. Also, he'd be grappling with the problem of those feminine virtues or vices at first hand, and not be theorising about them. He wouldn't have time to have opinions; he'd live them. It's only the sentimental old fogies with their time-was-when-love-and-I-were-well-acquainted batch of memories who've quite made up their minds about women past and present. And if they happen to have money, and no one to leave it to, it's quite conceivable that they might dream of reinstating the world of Gwendolen and Amabel whose charms were still a rosy memory. What's money, after all, compared with the glory that was oneself at five-and-twenty? And the loveliness of the sweet young things that made life worth living and loving in? And what a service to humanity to try and bring back Gwendolen and Am
to a generation
knows them not,
will never know th
a generation conden
to play round,
worst of all to m
those smokers of n
smokes, those drin
of cocktails, th
rapid, slangy, br
creatures who look
seraphims and are
and are . . . !

HENCE the new
lege. Catch
young enough, t
the idea, before the
had time to sit up
take notice. Te
them the glory and
grandeur of wom
hood and the resp
sibility that goes w
it (oh, dear!). Talk
them of modesty
(help!), of the futility
good time and the e
(brrrrrr!). No; I can
this is going to be d
life isn't lived, and
talked about and wri
books. Can the co
itself a mental wall
shut out the sunlight o

Foulsham and Banfield

A BELLE ON HER TOES

Miss Greta Fayne putting lots of "pep" into one of her dances. She is playing in "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal Birmingham

abo
think
land wh
ablest and
and best-paid
the world;
women who go
on the Bench!

IT's an amazing
way it has some
in it. People who c
and sensible middle ag
out of the stuff of their h
ries and have them t
houses where they'll perpe
ever and ever the things tha
the memories worth while.
course, I respect anybody's ha
memories. There are, for instanc
the sort that makes a man when he
is a writer person dedicate his book
(because it's so full of her) "to the
wife of his youth" who's spoilt him
for all other women. It's admirable
and exactly as it should be. But a
book doesn't matter very much; at
best you needn't read it and you
can, anyway, disagree with it. But
a college!

CANDIDA.

NOTES

NGAPORE
ı a Barker-built landaulette body. It
:y the Governor of Singapore

,d magnificent accelera-
raking, which are two
nts for safety on the
body provided, steel is
thus preventing injury
considerably reducing
windows are fitted with
ial construction whereby
/ing shattered glass is

**
*

; is by no means a cheap
eavour of the manufac-
rovide the maximum of
The engine is an eight-
rhead valves and cam-
shaft, while the final drive is by an underhung worm. Such refinements as a rectifier on the oiling system and twin plugs in each cylinder are examples of the care devoted in the manufacture. Other features are the hydraulic brakes, the chassis lubrication system, and the strength of the frame.

During my road test an incident occurred which proved the stability of the Stutz as could scarcely have been done had it taken place deliberately. After dark a cyclist, till then invisible, swerved across the road straight in front of the car. The only way to avoid an accident was to give full lock, although the speed of the car was not low. A further sharp turn in the opposite direction was necessary to avoid a tramway pole after the cyclist had been avoided. Throughout the whole of these exceptional movements the Stutz kept as steady as a rock, while the knowledge that the car was protected by steel all round and had unsplinterable glass added to the confidence of the driver during those hectic moments. The New Stutz is something really different in the motoring world.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

ACEFUL coachwork, complete absence of rattle—even after years of service; easy to clean, minimum ight, maximum strength. These features of the Weymann principle overcome the disadvantages of the conventional body. At Devonshire House you may see Weymann Body Demonstration Models, in addition to a range of new cars fitted with Weymann coachwork.

Sole Distributors of WEYMANN BODIES Built by WEYMANN

Britain's Largest **Car Distributors**

ROOTES, LTD

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

Telephone: Grosvenor 3401 (10 *lines*). *Telegrams: "Rootesmoti London."*

IMPORTANT TO HOME-COMING MOTORISTS

Besides offering unlimited service facilities, we are quoting, for the benefit of our Overseas customers, a guaranteed re-purchase price on all cars delivered. Models from £145 to £3,000.

ORDINARY GLASS A FEARFUL MENACE

Material damage can be replaced but personal injury from the breaking of an ordinary glass windscreen may mean blindness or disfigurement for life. Such glass will fly in all directions at the least bump or shock. For safety's sake and peace of mind fit *Triplex* Safety Glass — the glass that cannot splinter or fly in any circumstances.

Triplex Safety Glass is now standardised for all the cars of the London Metropolitan Police.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit Triplex and be Safe

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, London, W.1

Also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West Street, New York.

Extract from The Daily Mail.

MOTOR-CAR ON FIRE.

MIDNIGHT TRAFFIC STREAM HELD UP.

The Hounslow Fire Brigade was called out at midnight last night to deal with a motor-car which, after colliding with a lighthouse on the Great West-road, burst into flames.

The driver of the motor-car, a small two-seater, was Lieutenant J. [redacted] R.A. Mess, Deep Cut, Farnborough, Hants, and he was badly cut by the broken windscreen and conveyed to the Hounslow Hospital in an ambulance.

[illegible] all traffic on the Great

Kennington Service

13/6

There's no use talking-

TASTE IT!

Mackinlay's

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland.

Also MACKINLAY'S V.O.B. 12/6

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., *Distillers,* LEITH.

There's a K·L·G *made specially for you*

Engines vary in their taste for plugs—naturally. A plug which in one engine will last for years may in another oil up or overheat. That is why there are several types of K·L·G's—a range of specially designed plugs, one or other of which will give perfect service in all modern engines.

All good garages stock and can recommend the correct K·L·G for most cars. In case of difficulty write or phone our Sales Dept., who will be pleased to advise you.

Some typical recommendations :

AUSTIN 7-12-20-H.P.	J.1.	MORRIS	G.2.
BEAN	G.1.	ROVER 8&9	J.1.
CLYNO	J.2.	SINGER	J.1.
DAIMLER	G,I.E.	STANDARD	G.1.
ESSEX	J.1.	WOLSELEY	L.1.

All the above retail at 6/-, each, except the G.I.E., which is 6/6.

"Fit and Forget"

K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

THE ROBINHOOD ENGINEERING WORKS, LTD., Putney Vale, London, S.W.15.

Phone : Putney 2132-3.

K·L·G—THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD—K·L·G

Why Benger's for Aged Persons.

When, by weight of years, digestive powers become enfeebled, and the vital elements are not absorbed from ordinary food, Benger's is an agreeable and abundant source of nutrition.

No food is so acceptable and so entirely suitable in old age as Benger's, nor so completely strength-giving.

A Doctor writes :—

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the value of your Food in the diet of old age, and in dyspepsia and convalescence. I could not do without it in my practice."

BENGER'S Food

is always made with fresh new milk, which it enriches and converts into a delicious food cream.

Sold in Tins, by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
No. 0—1/4; No. 1—2/3; No. 2—4/-; No. 3—8/6.

The Booklet of Benger's Food is post free.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester.
NEW YORK: 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY: 117, Pitt St.
CAPE TOWN: P.O. Box 573.

GUARD YOUR COMPLEXION

Winter with its colder winds is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care is sufficient to keep it soft and smooth and free from cracks and dryness.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

should be used regularly as a protection before going out and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed gently over the face, neck, hands and arms, and wiped off with a soft towel soothes and whitens and gives a perfect complexion.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, **1/6**

THE COMPLEXION will be greatly improved by using LA-ROLA TOILET POWDER, 2/6 per box, and a touch of LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.

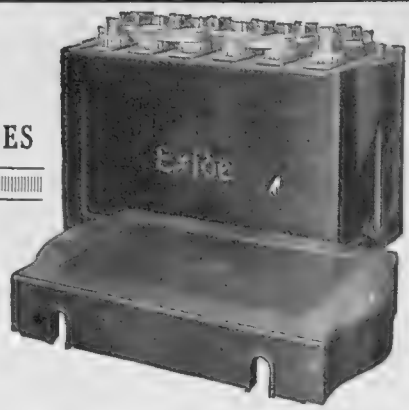
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND

Exide BATTERIES SERVICE STATION
The Sign of Skilled Service.

Exide MONOBLOC

Exide BATTERIES SERVICE STATION
The Sign of Skilled Service.

CAR BATTERIES



IN MOULDED CONTAINERS

TYPE 6–XC9–1 GL

Type 6—XC9–1 GL

Suitable for Arrol-Johnston, Standard, Armstrong-Siddeley, Hillman, Rover, etc.

Voltage: 12 volts.
Capacity: 57 ampere hours at the 20-hour rate of discharge.
Dimensions: 7 in. wide by 14¼ in. long over lugs by 9⅞ in. high over lid.
Weight: 74 lbs.
Holding-down Bolts: ¼ in. dia. by 12¼ in. centres.
Price (uncharged) **£6 10 0**, including lid and holding-down bolts.

THERE IS AN EXIDE TYPE TO SUIT ANY MAKE OF CAR.

These Exide car batteries, in moulded multi-compartment containers, are of excellent appearance and finish.

The material of the containers has been carefully selected, after extended trial, and is superior to ordinary container compositions. It is mechanically stronger, gives better insulation, and is chemically inert, thus ensuring the purity of the acid being maintained.

Every type incorporates the special Exide features in design of plates, separators, etc., which give long life, trouble-free service, and enormous cranking ability.

Ask for Catalogue M.

Consult your Local Exide Service Agent.

Advertisement of The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, near Manchester.

A WELCOME GIFT
(Handy Size)

"BUBBLE & SQUEAK"

A collection of Stories and Anecdotes retold by "The TATLER" Man.

"BUBBLE and SQUEAK" supplies the ideal Holiday reading. Read it—and you will Bubble and Squeak with laughter.

In cloth bound cover with coloured wrapper and fully illustrated by H. M. Bateman.

PRICE
2/6
Postage 4d. extra.

A FACSIMILE OF COLOURED WRAPPER

Orders with remittance to be sent to:
The TATLER, 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4

DON'T TAKE ASPIRIN!

Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets

(The New and Wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment) are guaranteed to be

Safer, Quicker, and More Effective, and contain more Vitamin B than other products.

Send for free descriptive treatise on Fevers, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver, Kidneys, Constipation, Anæmia, Nerves, Indigestion, Biliousness, Depression.

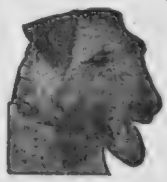
Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If unsatisfactory post us empty bottle and we will refund money.

Irving's YEAST-VITE Laboratories, "Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.1.

Send combings?
EVAN WILLIAMS TUNISIAN HENNA FOR GREY HAIR
EVAN WILLIAMS Co LTD 14 UNION ST W.1
for free advice

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL

Facing South and directly overlooking the sea. 200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM—BEDROOMS and SUITES.
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
EXTENSIVE GARAGE IN HOTEL GROUNDS



Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S PEDIGREE
AIREDALES
Best protection against burglars.
ABERDEENS, CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND WHITE FOX, SEALYHAMS.
From 10 Gns., Pups 5 Gns.
Clock House, Byfleet (Station, Weybridge), Surrey.
Tel.: Byfleet, 274.

WINTER SPORTS
Take a
Filmo REGISTERED **CINE CAMERA**

And bring back living pictures of yourself and your friends. The Camera is entirely automatic—hold in the hand and press the button and what you see is perfectly filmed. **£54**

Call and see one or write for list post free.
'Phone, Mayfair 2066 & 2067.

WALLACE HEATON Ltd.
119 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
and at 47 BERKELEY ST., W.1. Next to Thos. Cooks'

A Novel and Remunerative Hobby.

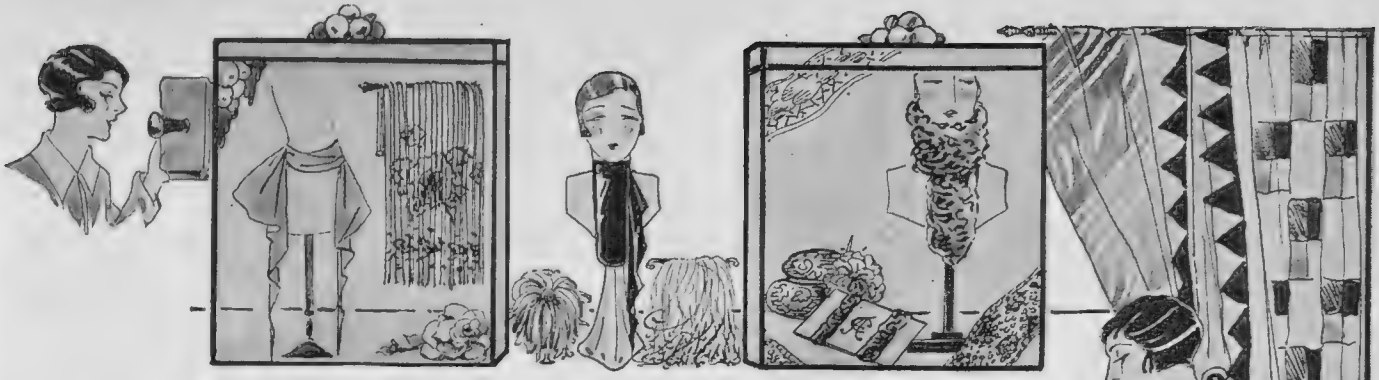
British Bred Furs

Many beautiful Furs are obtained from specially bred Fur Rabbits.

Good pelts are worth up to 25/- each, and the breeding is so simple that almost anyone can take it up.

If you are interested, write for standard book: "Fur Rabbits for Profit," Post Free, 1/- from the author,

E. BOSTOCK SMITH,
Heaselands Fur Farm, Canterbury



FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

My Lady Prospects Round the Sales

GIVEN time and opportunity, the woman in quest of bargains takes a general survey round ere she decides what to buy and where to buy it—a reflection that is made in quietude at home. There has been visioned this attitude of mind by our artist in a group of suggestions that may perchance serve to whip up flagging imaginations. Reading from left to right there are depicted a *faille* silk ribbon fitment for the waist. Arranged with waterfall draperies either side, this may be safely relied upon to impart a note of distinction to a simple chemise frock. To renovate a slightly soiled gown there is nothing more effective than one of the new printed fringes. Just an apron front and short cape back suffice to transform an old dress out of all recognition. Inestimably useful is a *jabot* of cloth of gold for the furbishing up of a tired frock, while feather trimming comes in equally well for doing up a dance or tea gown.

By way of giving an arresting touch to a plain tailor-made coat or suit, try the effect of a high Russian drosky driver's collar and short band down the front, in either grey or black Persian lamb; the result will be found most satisfying and pleasing.

Twelve Days Only

MAKE a note that the sale at Debenham & Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., starts on January 10 and ends on the 22nd. This is a time-honoured procedure, and means sharp work all round. In every department there are noteworthy bargains. A complete clearance of smart afternoon and evening gowns at the one price of £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, with just a few at 78*s.* 6*d.* Tweed jumper-suits, perfection for present and early spring wear, represent genuine bargains at 98*s.* 6*d.* instead of 8½ guineas. A surplus stock of really handsome chiffon velvet evening wraps, lined satin, with plain or gathered collars, are reduced to 89*s.* 6*d.*; while a drop from 6½ guineas to 69*s.* 6*d.* is arresting in connection with some splendid well-tailored country coats built of West of England hand-woven tweeds. An early raid should be made on the lingerie department, especially in quest of the new dancing shorts. These, in *crêpe de Chine,* are reduced to 21*s.* 9*d.*, and in art silk to 7*s.* 6*d.* Exquisite hand-made, hand-embroidered *crêpe de Chine* nightdresses, lace trimmed, the last word in elegant *au dessous,* are not likely to stand long on the order of selling at their sale price of 29*s.* 6*d.* Nor must there be any hesitation over acquiring some teagown models, there are only a few, at £5. On Fridays and Saturdays remnants will be sold at half-price.

A Quality Sale

NOTHING outside is ever brought into a sale held by Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W. Only the one standard quality goods are subjected to genuine reductions. This clearance starts on December 30, and continues until January 29. Irresistible bargains obtain in the model costume department, including a range of really *chic* gowns, practical tailor-mades and jumper-suits. Eminently suitable investments for present service are some coat-frocks of satin rep suiting, etc., that start in price from £3. Fascinating little dance frocks in lace and georgette, also *crêpe de Chine,* range from £5. A number of two-piece costumes, just the thing for the Riviera, the coats of velvet and frocks of silk georgette or light wool materials, have been marked down to just half their original price.

Tailor-made suits in spring suitings, tweeds and West of England materials, including the new gun-metal tweeds, all the coats lined silk, are at £3; usual prices from 6½ to 8 guineas.

Country and Sports Hats

ALREADY in progress is the end of the season sale at Scott's, 1, Old Bond Street, W., an event that mainly concerns the tailor-made type of hat, for which this firm is so far-famed. The same consistent value is forthcoming whether an early or late visit be paid, as the special reductions stand on the same level of 5*s.* off the £. And for this welcome concession Scott merely asks for cash payments; a reasonable request in view of the heavy task in front of them of replenishing the *salons* with the new spring models. The fullest inspection is invited, and, as always, there is assured the most courteous and intelligent assistance.

A Chance Not to be Missed

AS exclusive designers and creators of some of the most beautiful clothes for the elect in the world of well-dressed women, the drastic reductions of models at Jays, Ltd., Regent Street, provide an unique opportunity for those not too well blessed with this world's goods. The character of the bargains to be obtained here may be deduced from the following few items: A smart coat of black face cloth, designed on the fashionable slender lines, with ornamental inset, and lined *crêpe de Chine,* once 16½ guineas, is now only 8½ guineas. Trimmed with collar, cuffs and flounce of clear grey squirrel, is an original Paris model of dark green velour, a promenade wrap originally valued at 36 guineas but now reduced to 18½ guineas. An exquisite evening reversible cloak expressed in terms of gauze velvet, cerise and black, relieved by sable-dyed hare, is sacrificed at 21 guineas. Other items to be borne in mind include hosiery, gloves, underwear, and the firm's famed guinea silk umbrellas, which are now reduced to 18*s.* 6*d.*

SKETCHES BY MARGOT

Fashionable Footwear

REGARDLESS of original cost, Manfield, Regent Street, propose to clear out all their season's surplus stock of shoes at four prices, 10*s.*, 12*s.* 11*d.*, 15*s.*, and 19*s.* So it merely remains a question of deciding what you wish to spend and

LAWN TENNIS AT THE PYRAMIDS

Strangers to Egypt who visualise the Gizeh Pyramids as being set in the midst of the desert will be especially interested in the above photograph. It was taken from the tennis courts of Mena House Hotel, a splendidly organised establishment on the most modern lines which attracts many visitors from all parts of the world

being on the scene as early as possible. It is impossible to give any detailed description of styles, as naturally, since this is a genuine clearance, these are extremely varied. But it may be mentioned that the choice includes leather, *suède,* and patent, and that the quality and cut are Manfield's standard value. A similar sale was held at the end of the summer, and proved a big success, and as then there are to be included stockings, for which the firm stands in a strong position. A surplus lot of silk hosiery is lowered to 3s. 11d. the pair, another range of pure silk reduced from 8s. 11d. to 5s. 11d., and yet a third, Manfield's own exclusive non-laddering hose, guaranteed, a tempting bargain at 5s. 11d.

Hurry Up

WHEN this issue appears in print there will be only a week at most left of the fortnight's clearance held by The Maison Ross, Grafton Street, W. By good luck there may be left some covetable jumper-suits of plain and checked tweeds that have been marked down to £5; £6 secures a wool jumper skirt with a sleeveless coatee; while for £3 there is a choice of self shade skirts, and fancy jumpers in blue and brick shades only.

A CHEERING GIFT

The Cheery Cherry

A cheery present for friends, either at home or abroad, is a bottle of Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, which, with its warmth and mellow glow, will recall in generous fashion the days of "auld lang syne." The brandy, made from a famous Kent cherry—the morella—and at a distillery with the experience of nearly a century, is a real liqueur de luxe. It can be purchased in bottles, half-bottles, or in the miniature "baby Grant."

For My Lady

Wright's Coal Tar Soap has long been popular with the fair sex who appreciate the great tonic properties it possesses for delicate skins. It is good to note, therefore, that the proprietors are presenting free "Dinkie" Razor sets, consisting of a beautifully made safety razor fitted in a neat leatherette case, with two British-made Freston Razor Blades. All one must do to obtain this fine outfit is to save the printed wrappers in which Wright's Coal Tar Soap is sold at 1s. 6d. per box of 3 tablets, and when 45 wrappers have been collected send them to Dept. D.3, Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Southwark, London, S.E.1.

Champagne of Merit

Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" is a champagne which has rapidly increased in favour with the public in recent years, and is now in great demand. It is a high-class wine, and yet it can be obtained at a reasonable price. It makes an ideal champagne for balls, wedding receptions, and society functions in general. The name of "Bollinger" has always been associated with the best of champagnes, and the "Special Cuvée" will appeal to the faddiest of epicures.

FOR THE CAR

The Motorluxe rug, which is ideal for motoring being very light yet wonderfully warm and hard wearing. The cost is only five guineas

Fresh Fruit Lemonade and Orangeade are the best beverages for Children's Parties, therefore buy

KIA-ORA
LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

All Children like 'Kia-Ora' Lemon and Orange and you can serve both to them generously with perfect confidence, knowing that they will agree with them; in fact, they are the most wholesome and beneficial beverages possible. Many of your little guests will have seen our film — "THE LEMON," showing how 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash is made. Tell them you are serving 'Kia-Ora' and their enjoyment will be doubled.

You can serve 'Kia-Ora' freely because it is so economical in use. Simply add five or six parts of water to one of Lemon or Orange Squash in a jug or bowl and serve. The cost is less than one penny per glass for beverages the Children most enjoy and which are the best for them.

Sold throughout Great Britain at 2/- and 1/1 per bottle.

Sole Makers: KIA-ORA LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

An Ideal Present

Stainless—and they Sharpen!

Finest Quality, Hand Ground, Sheffield Made Cutlery. Can be sharpened by an ordinary "steel" or patent knife-sharpener. Fitted with Best Quality White Grained Ivorine Handles. Beautifully illustrated catalogue post free on request.

C. A. LOCKWOOD (Dept. 6), 7, Union Court, Old Broad St. London, E.C.2

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

THE BYSTANDER OFFICES

have now been removed to

6, GREAT NEW ST., FETTER LANE, E.C.4

and the new Telephone Number is

CENTRAL 7511

Spend Your Winter Holiday in

ITALY

The Enchanting Land of Sunshine and Flowers.

THE SMARTEST HOTELS

ROME—
EXCELSIOR.
GRAND HOTEL ET DE ROME

NAPLES—
EXCELSIOR.

PALERMO—
GRAND HOTEL ET DES PALMES.

TAORMINA—
SAN DOMENICO PALACE.

Controlled by the Compagnia Italiana Grandi Alberghi, Venice.

For information and booklets apply to:—
ITALIAN STATE RAILWAYS, 16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W., or to the Principal Tourist Offices.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

CORPORATION OF LONDON.

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.4.

PRINCIPAL - - SIR LANDON RONALD, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., &c.

PRIVATE LESSONS in any single musical subject, and STAGE TRAINING in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing. Opera. Classes in Conducting. **Complete Musical Education** at inclusive fees, £9 9s. and £12 12s. Opera Class Saturdays. Special Training Course for Teachers (approved by Teachers' Registration Council). Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free. Spring Term begins Jan. 10. Tel. Cent. 4459 and City 5566. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary

MENTON. ORIENT HOTEL.

High-class Family Hotel. Central. Full South. Beautiful Garden. Renowned Restaurant.

Managing Proprietor, BRUNETTI.

These Lovely Glints

are the result of regular shampooing with

EVAN WILLIAMS HENNA Shampoo

4D. ORDINARY FOR DARK HAIR
CAMOMILE FOR FAIR HAIR

There's no advantage in paying more for a shampoo—EVAN WILLIAMS is the original—and best—of all Hairdressers and Chemists.

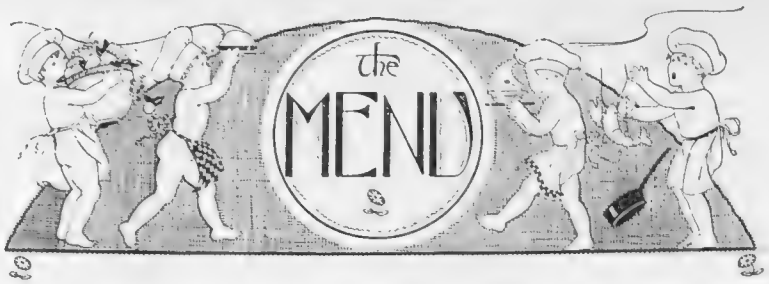
An Interesting Booklet Free.

Everyone desirous of keeping their hair young will find useful and interesting information in "My Story" Booklet, which we shall be pleased to send on request. Write for your copy to-day.

EVAN WILLIAMS CO., LTD., (Dept. 30), 14/15, Union Street, London, W.1.

On Sale at WORTH, 3, Hanover Square, and at a few Exclusive Stores.

Wholesale Distributing Agents: DEBACQ & HARROP, 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, LONDON W.1



Some Recipes for Cooking up Turkey

TURKEY SOUFFLÉ.
CURRIED TURKEY.
TURKEY MOULD.
DEVILLED TURKEY. (No. 1.)
DEVILLED TURKEY. (No. 2.)

Turkey Soufflé

POUND or put through a mincing machine 3 oz. of the white meat of a turkey, and mix with it half a pint of milk, two eggs well beaten, salt, pepper and a pinch of cayenne or mace. Put the whole into a well-greased mould, tie it down with a cloth, and steam it for thirty minutes. It must be kept upright, and when turned out in the entrée dish pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round, and serve with artichokes in white sauce.

Curried Turkey

Ingredients: 1 lb. of turkey, one large dessertspoonful of curry powder, half a lemon, one good-sized onion, one apple, 1 oz. of margarine, 1 gill of milk. Mince the onion and apple, and fry them thoroughly in the margarine, without browning. Add one dessertspoonful (a large one) of curry powder, and fry for a few minutes. Stir well and add a gill of milk, a little chutney and, if available, a little powdered coconut. Let the sauce cook gently for thirty minutes. Then rub through a strainer, put back into the stewpan, add the turkey cut up into dice, and simmer gently for another thirty minutes. Squeeze the juice of the lemon into the curry and serve with well-boiled rice.

Turkey Mould

Pour one pint of warm gravy or stock over 1 oz. of gelatine and leave for twenty minutes. Stir till dissolved, and pour into a mould. Boil three eggs hard, and cut into quarters. Cut 1 lb. of turkey into rather large dice, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and when the jelly in the mould is almost set, drop the turkey and the egg at intervals into it. Turn out when cold and serve with a mixed salad.

Devilled Turkey (No. 1)

Divide the legs and make some incisions in them with a sharp knife. Season them with pepper, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Spread a little butter over them and broil over a clear fire, or under the gas deflector. Serve very hot.

Devilled Turkey (No. 2)

Cut the meat from the bones of a turkey's leg in slices about an inch thick. Work into a paste a teaspoonful of chutney, two of melted butter, a few grains of cayenne pepper, and a pinch of salt. Spread this over the slices of turkey, then wrap each in buttered paper and place them on a gridiron over a clear fire or under the gas grill. Turn them frequently, so that the paper does not scorch, and in about a quarter of an hour they will be done. Serve on a hot dish with fried potatoes.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone: Central 7511*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

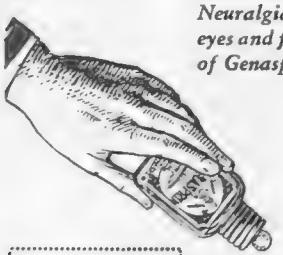
For 12 months (Including Christmas Number)		For 6 months		For 3 months	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 0	U.K.	15s. 9d.
CANADA .	£3 1 0	CANADA ..	£1 10 6	CANADA ..	15s. 3d.
ABROAD ..	£3 7 6	ABROAD ..	£1 13 9	ABROAD ..	17s. 0d

In all cases including postage.

GENASPRIN
(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)
The Real Remedy for Headache

When you take Genasprin to banish the pains of Headache or Neuralgia, you do so in the confident knowledge that *the purity, safety and efficacy of Genasprin are vouched for by the highest medical authorities.*

A doctor, writing in the *Medical Times*, says: "*In Neuralgia, Headache, or Rheumatic Pains in the eyes and forehead, the frequent use of small doses of Genasprin affords effective relief from pain.*"



Just drop two Genasprin tablets into a little water—then, in a few seconds, when the tablets have broken up into tiny particles—give the glass a swirl and drain the contents. Try it when next you are attacked by Headache or other Nerve Pains.

All chemists sell Genasprin—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

Genasprin is used and prescribed by doctors in cases of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS SCIATICA INSOMNIA INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM and all NERVE PAINS

GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough, Leics.

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity
MACASSAR OIL
for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London

This Book of Ten Thousand Bargains will be forwarded post free to any reader mentioning THE BYSTANDER.

BURBERRYS SALE
TO-DAY AND DAILY DURING JANUARY
affords the chance to purchase Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Men's Suits and Ladies' Costumes, well-made from the best materials, at bargain prices—prices that offer
GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY
BURBERRYS Ltd. HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1

THE
BYSTANDER
6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4. Phone: Central 7511

No. 1,203—Vol. XCIII. Wednesday, January 5, 1927 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS.
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branches Wimbledon 'Phone 80, Hampstead 'Phone 2727

ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA. CAP MARTIN, MONTE CARLO.

The Residence

CHARMING MODERN VILLA FOR SALE, FULLY FURNISHED.

THE RESIDENCE is of compact size and enjoys a glorious position commanding most lovely views of a large stretch of coast line and the sea.

The accommodation: Reception hall, salon and dining room, boudoir, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices.

View from Residence.

Electric light. Good repair.

Detached Garage and Beautifully Terraced Gardens.

Highly recommended from personal knowledge by the Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James' Square, London, S.W.1.

By order of Executors.

Price £5,000 Freehold.

PINNER—MIDDLESEX.

Under a Mile from the Station. Near golf courses.

Only 14 miles by road from Town.

VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY in delightful position, 200ft. up, on the outskirts of the old Village. The well-appointed Residence, on 2 floors only, approached by drive, contains lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 2 staircases, 9-10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and offices.

Company's electric light, gas and water. Main drainage. Telephone.

Entrance lodge, garage, stabling, man's quarters. Lovely old pleasure grounds, small orchard and paddock, in all over

3¾ ACRES.

Extra 4¼ Acres could be purchased if desired.

—HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (M.40122.)

KENT.

IDEAL FOR CITY MAN.

JUST OVER ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.

In the midst of most beautiful country.

About 1½ miles from a station, and near two golf courses. 400ft. up.

FOR SALE, at REDUCED PRICE, a delightful FREEHOLD RESIDENCE; carriage approach, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 beds, 2 baths.

Central heating. Electric light. Company's water, etc.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

TWO COTTAGES, STUDIO, OR BILLIARD ROOM.

ATTRACTIVELY LAID OUT GROUNDS, tennis lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc., in all about 3½ ACRES.

—HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (K.10725.)

Grey Hair

There are reasons for the general popularity of Inecto as a hair recolourative.

The fact that after its use the hair may be Permanently Waved or Marcel Waved is most advantageous, and the effect of Inecto is gratifying because it emulates Nature itself.

A single treatment of only thirty minutes' duration achieves the desirable colour, texture and tone of the hair at the zenith of its youth.

INECTO

SALONS

32 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1 — *Telephone: Regent 7931*

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1 — *Telephone: Mayfair 3046 (3 lines)*

Genuine Sale Reductions

15% off

Special reduction for all Rubber Garments

The Feather-weight Silk Water-proofs

of superior quality, **3 Gns.**

Reduced price, ***53/6***

Envelope for Carrying, **4/6**

25% off

Special reduction for all Rainproof Cloth Coats.

Rain-proof Tweeds and Covert Coatings

69/6

Reduced price, ***52/6***

INCORPORATED IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Elvery's LIMITED ESTABLISHED 1830

Send measurements (height and bust) with order

Patterns on request, mentioning Dept. "E."

ELEPHANT HOUSE,

31, Conduit St., London, W.1

(One door from New Bond Street)

And at Elephant House, Dublin, and Cork.

Goods sent on approval on receipt of deposit or London reference.

Aldwych

Elvery's Waterproofs have stood the test of years.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester

RELIEVES COLDS — PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT

THE VERDICT OF SCIENCE

INDEPENDENT scientific tests prove that "Vapex" quickly destroys the germs which cause colds and catarrhal conditions. The vapour of "Vapex" is strongly germicidal and surrounds the user with a pleasant, antiseptic atmosphere in which germs cannot grow

Try a drop on the handkerchief each morning

All Chemists. 2/- & 3/-

SOLE MAKERS:

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.,

Bardsley Vale Lancs.

V.17

Woodville

NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS *(as sketch)*

With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS

Without PARTING From 3 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 2 Guineas

TOUPETS from £1 17 6

Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown and Black. Price 2/6 Bottle. Postage 4d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE Co.

(Late 119, REGENT STREET),

1, BERNERS STREET (3rd floor), **OXFORD ST., W.1.**

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's.)

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH

DRINK MORE WATER

BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

TRADE MARK

MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

Why go ***Grey?***

HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct:—

HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

Telegrams: "Estate," c/o Harrods, London.

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephones: Sloane 1234 / Byfleet 149

ESTATE AGENTS

62 & 64, BROMPTON ROAD, S.W., and at West Byfleet.

AUCTIONEERS.

£2,750 FREEHOLD. IN THE LOVELY OLD VILLAGE OF BROADWAY (Worcester).

Considered the most Picturesque Village in England.

One of the smaller properties in this favourite locality, comprising a

BEAUTIFUL JACOBEAN COTTAGE, with oak beams and stone roof. Two reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, 2 attics, bathroom, kitchen, and offices.

Company's water. Main drainage.

OLD-WORLD GARDEN, forming a pretty setting to the house.

HUNTING TWO PACKS.

GOLF COURSE, 1½ MILES.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

SURREY.

HALF HOUR SOUTH.

FINE SPECIMEN OF LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE, WITH HARD TENNIS COURT.

CHOICE WELL-APPOINTED RESIDENCE, in excellent order, close to Banstead Downs and Golf. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, tiled bathroom, and domestic offices.

Garage.

Prettily displayed garden, sunken flagged garden, walled terrace, rose beds, lawn, fruit trees, in all

ABOUT HALF AN ACRE.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

Sole Agents:

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

£1,550.

CROHAMHURST GOLF.

30 minutes of the City and West End.

PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, with garage. Good position, facing south, 450 ft. up, with excellent views. Two reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, offices.

Electric light. Gas. Telephone. Company's water.

Main drainage.

PRETTY, WELL-STOCKED GARDEN.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

£1,950 FREEHOLD. RIGHT ON THE GOLF LINKS.

BEXHILL.

THATCHED COTTAGE RESIDENCE, 2 miles from station, and in splendid repair throughout. Two reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, offices.

Electric light. Company's water. Modern drainage. Garage.

Pretty garden of about ¾ ACRE.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1

PRICE £2,500, or NEAR OFFER.

MIDDLESEX.

About ten miles from the Marble Arch.

CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, in rural position, on the outskirts of an old-world village. Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Company's water. Gas. Main drainage. Electric light.

VERY ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS.

Herbaceous borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, yew hedges, etc., in all about

ONE ACRE.

Garages, Stabling.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

£1,850 FREEHOLD.

FOR QUICK SALE.

KEW GREEN (FACING)

18TH CENTURY RESIDENCE, off main road, in excellent order.

Electric light. Telephone

Hall, 2 reception, offices, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, delightful garden, crazy paving, fruit trees, garage can be hired close by.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

HERTS

favourite part, near Golf, Good Schools and Station.

PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE, beautifully fitted with all labour-saving devices, and facing South. Two reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices.

Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Company's water and gas. Main drainage. Garage.

LAVATORY BASINS (h. and c.) IN ALL BEDROOMS.

Well-matured gardens, with tennis lawn, etc.

PRICE £2 600

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

THE "SPORTING" BÉRET

ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest speciality for Motoring, Golf, etc. Small appearance and very close fitting with tiny adaptable brim.

In their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, in Black, and also a variety of 32 art shades, to order in 4 days.

Price **37/6**

A selection of beautifully hand made natural Feather Bird models, comprising Wild Duck, Pheasant, Grouse, Partridge, Jay, Snipe, Parrot, etc. Price **15/-** each extra.

New Illustrated Catalogue on application post free.

ROBERT HEATH
Of Knightsbridge.

ONLY ADDRESS
37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

Wave AND Curl WITH
Hindes Hair Wavers
YOUR Shingled Hair

Welcome Always Keep it handy
GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY
The Liqueur which gives a zest to life.
put up in Bottles, — Half-bottles and Miniatures, Ask your Wine Merchant for it, and at Hotels restaurants etc.
"Sportsmans" (Dry) "Queens" (Sweet)

(miniatures)
BABY GRANT'S
for every pocket

MAIDSTONE, ENG.

WOOLLANDS
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

"Quality" Sale
TO-DAY and Daily.

A Sale of Quality Attire at Record Price Reductions.

"NEWBURY."
Designed in a variety of Suitings, which include Brown, Rust, Cinnamon and two shades of Grey. Knee pleats to Skirt. Coat lined Crepe-de-Chine. Sizes: S.W. and W.

Sale Price **£5**

"KNIGHTSBRIDGE."
Attractive Jumper Suit in plain Stockinette and Tweed as sketch. To be had in a variety of colours and tweeds, also stripe and fancy cloths. Sizes: S.W. and W.

Sale Price **60/-**

"HELEN."
All-Wool Tweed Skirt with double knee pleats, Silk Yoke with elastic in waist. Lengths: 26, 27, 28, 30. Waist: 26, 27, 28, 30. All shades of Brown, Grey and Heather mixtures.

Sale Price **20/-**

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Motor Car Book-keeping

WATERSTONS' MOTOR CAR REGISTER

will give you a complete yearly record of the work and expenses of your car in simplest form. The ninth edition contains new information and many improvements and is supplied in five styles of binding.

Prices from 5/6 to 16/-
postage 6d. extra.

GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS Ltd.
St. Bride Street, London, E.C.
35 George Street, Edinburgh,
and all booksellers.

GOLF SUITS

FROM **5** GUINEAS.

Patterns and self-measurement forms on application.

FREDK. POOLE & CO.,
219, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

"MENE"
TOWELS FOR LADIES
ANTISEPTIC ABSORBENT ECONOMICAL
HEALTHY CLEAN COMFORTABLE
Prove our assertion by asking your draper, or writing, Miss Haynes, Manageress, Robinson & Sons, Ltd., 168 Old Street, London, E.C.1.
FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

Antexema
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS
A cooling, liquid cream for eczema, rashes, pimples, chaps, skin irritation, etc. Instant Relief, 1/3 and 3/- pots. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
At all Chemists.
4s. 6d. a tin.

STOCKTAKING SALE

COMMENCES
Monday, January 10,
For Twelve Days Only

Tailor-made Costume, in fine quality men's suiting, coat perfectly tailored and bound braid, skirt braided to match. In navy only.
Actual Value 9½ Gns.
Sale Price 7½ Gns.

Smart Coat for street wear, in new ribbed velour cloth, lined crêpe de Chine, trimmed real moleskin or dyed skunk fur. In navy, black and new colours. Stocked in three sizes.
Original Price 14½ Gns.
Sale Price 10½ Gns.

25 Two-piece Costumes, of which sketch with frock in printed crêpe de Chine and border and embroidery in plain material to match the cape (*as sketch inset*) is an example.
Original Prices 18½ to 23½ Gns.
Sale Price 8½ Gns.

Woollen Jumper Suits, various styles, in good self colours and two tone effects, of which sketch showing jumper in lace stitch wool, lined fine wool, self coloured skirt, is an example.
Original Prices 84/- to 5½ Gns.
Sale Price 59/6

20 Moleskin Fur Coats, all in new shapes, trimmed various rich furs, of which sketch with dyed blue kitt fox collar and cuffs, lined rich silk, is an example.
Original Prices 49 to 59 Gns.
Sale Price 39 Gns

Sale Catalogue Post Free.

Celes Shirt Jumpers in marl mixture. In all the newest colours, of which sketch with collar, which can be worn high or open, is an example.
Original Price 59/6
Sale Price 39/6

Smart Hat in velvet with petersham ribbon arranged on crown and brim. In a few good colours.
Original Price 79/6
Sale Price 35/9

Matron's Becoming Hat in black felt, smartly trimmed with fan of satin. Stocked in 7 and 7¼ fittings.
Original Price 69/6
Special Sale Price 52/6

Attractive Hat in light fur felt, finished petersham ribbon and fancy pin. In good colours.
Sale Price 29/6
In straw, Sale Price 21/-

Smart Knitted Woollen Dress in best quality pure wool yarn, knitted in fine stitch, having appearance of stockinette. On self-coloured grounds with check design. For young ladies 17 to 18 years. Original Price 90/-
Sale Price 63/-

Metal Brocade Dance Shoe in copper and silver mixture, Louis heel.
Sale Price 24/6 per pair.

Beige Lizard Skin One-bar Shoe, perfect shape and fitting, well-marked skins, Louis heel, exceptional value.
Sale Price 45/- per pair.

Fancy Leather Slipper Bootee for boudoir wear, warmly lined and fur bound. In pink, turquoise, mauve and cherry.
Sale Price 12/9 per pair.

REMNANT DAYS FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

(DEBENHAMS LTD.)

WIGMORE STREET and WELBECK STREET, LONDON, W.1

ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Twice Daily 2.30 and 7.45. ('Phone Gerrard 7540.)
Week commencing January 3rd.
"THE PURPLE BEDROOM," by Eden Phillpotts,
Harry and Burton Lester, Noni, Will Hay, Flotsam and Jetsam, Plattier Bros., etc.
Managing Director, SIR OSWALD STOLL.

DALY'S. (Gerr. 0201). Evgs. 8.15. Matinées, Wed. & Sat. at 2.15
YVONNE.
Mark Lester, Hal Sherman, and Gene Gerrard and Ivy Tresmand.

SHAFTESBURY (Gerrard 6666.)
"MY SON JOHN."
BILLY MERSON ANNIE CROFT
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

Disfiguring Rashes Prevented by Cuticura

Cuticura Soap and Ointment not only soothe and heal rashes and irritations, but their mission is to prevent such skin trouble. The Soap, used daily, assisted by the Ointment when required, keeps the pores active and the skin clear and healthy.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

Facial Massage

AMONG the manifold treatments conducted at the Phyllis Earle Salons none find higher expression than facial massage. The proficiency of the Phyllis Earle experts is recognised, and the close attention to detail which obtains at these Salons is all important. For example, all the towels used are cleansed at the private laundry. There is a telephone in every salon for the convenience of the patron, and every amenity conducive to absolute efficiency has been incorporated.
Electrical Face Massage scientifically removes lines and wrinkles; and adds tone to the complexion. The refined creams used are carefully selected according to the requirements of your skin. The Treatment, from **7/6**

Of the many other services rendered to discriminating womanhood we commend the following :—

Double Chin is quickly remedied by treatment with Genovar, which has achieved remarkable success in the removal of superfluous tissue. Chin Treatment, **10/6**

Kemolite Radio-Active Mud Pack restores a condition of glowing health to devitalised skin. It is particularly recommended for cleansing the skin and restoring smoothness of texture. The Treatment, **12/6.** With Massage, **15/-**

Scalp Massage with Artificial Sunlight ensures a perfect growth of hair and subdues the most wayward disorders. The complete Treatment, **10/6**

Electrolysis effectively removes superfluous hair. The Phyllis Earle method is painless and leaves the skin perfectly clear and soft to the touch. Its results are permanent. The Treatment, **10/6**

Phyllis Earle Salons

32 DOVER STREET *Telephone Regent 7931* — LONDON, W.1 — 15 NORTH AUDLEY ST. *Telephone Mayfair 3798*

P & O and BRITISH INDIA CO.'s Passenger and Freight Services.
Under contract with H.M. Government.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 ; Freight or General Business ; 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY DAWES & Co., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The Only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer.

DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL DE LONDRES.
TERMINUS PALACE HOTEL.

Brussels.—HOTEL ASTORIA.
PALACE HOTEL.

Le Zoute.—GOLF HOTEL.

EGYPT.

Cairo.—NATIONAL HOTEL.

FRANCE.

Ajaccio (Corse).—GD. HOTEL & CONTINENTAL.

Arles (B. du R.).—GRAND HOTEL DU NORD PINUS. Place du Forum. (Remains Roman Forum.)

Avignon.—HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

Beaulieu-sur-Mer (A.M.)—HOTEL VICTORIA.

Biarritz.—
GRAND HOTEL ET BELLEVUE PALACE.
HOTEL CARLTON.
HOTEL CONTINENTAL.
HOTEL REGINA ET DU GOLF.
THE WHITE HOUSE (Jardin Public).

Boulogne-sur-Mer (P. de C.).—
HOTEL CHRISTOL-BRISTOL.

Cannes (A.M.).—HOTEL BEAU SITE.
HOTEL DU PARC.
GRAND HOTEL.

Hyères, Var.—GRAND HOTEL DES ILES D'OR.
GRIMMS PARK HOTEL.

Juan-les-Pins (A.M.).—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL L'OISEAU BLEU.

Lyon, Rhone.—CARLTON HOTEL.

Marseilles.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL DE GENEVE.
HOTEL DE NOAILLES ET METROPOLE.
HOTEL DU LOUVRE ET DE LA PAIX.

Menton (A.M.)—HOTEL DES ANGLAIS.
HOTEL ANNONCIATA.
GD. HOTEL D'ORIENT ET D'ANGLETERRE.
VICTORIA PARK TEA ROOMS.
HOTEL MÉDITERRANÉE.
HOTEL BRITANNIA ET BEAU SITE.

Monte Carlo (Monaco).—HOTEL TERMINUS.
HOTEL BRISTOL.
HOTEL PRINCE DE GALLES
HOTEL DE PARIS.
HOTEL ROYAL.
GD. HOTEL DES ETRANGERS.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.
HOTEL VICTORIA.
HOTEL WINDSOR.
ROYALTY BAR.
RIVIERA CLUB, 15, Promenade des Anglais.

Nice (A.M.).—GRAND HOTEL DU MONT BARON.
HOTEL SUISSE.
HOTEL SPLENDID.

Paris.—GRAND HOTEL, 12 Boulevard des Capucines.
HOTEL BRIGHTON, 218 Rue de Rivoli.
HOTEL BRISTOL, 113 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré (8e).
HOTEL CAMPBELL. 47 Ave. Friedland (8e.).
HOTEL CHATHAM, 17 Rue Daunou
HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 Rue Castiglione (1re).
HOTEL LINCOLN, 24 Rue Bayard (16em).
HOTEL METROPOLITAN, 8 Rue Cambon (1).
HOTEL MEURICE, 228 Rue de Rivoli.
HOTEL SCRIBE, 1 Rue Scribe (1re).
HOTEL WAGRAM, 208 Rue de Rivoli.
ROYAL MONCEAU HOTEL, 33-39 Ave. Hoche (8).

St. Jean de Luz (B.P.).—MODERN HOTEL.

St. Raphael (Var.)—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL LES ALGUES.
HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.

Vence (A.M.)—
ENGLISH TEA ROOM, Le Chateau.

ITALY.

Naples.—EXCELSIOR HOTEL.

Rapallo.—GRAND HOTEL EXCELSIOR & NEW CASINO.

Rome.—EXCELSIOR HOTEL.
GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL BRISTOL, Piazza Barberini.
HOTEL VICTORIA, Via Sardegna.
PALACE HOTEL, Via Vittorio Veneto.

Venice.—GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL ROYAL DANIEL.

SPAIN.

St. Sebastian.—CONTINENTAL PALACE HOTEL.

SWITZERLAND.

Andermatt.—DINOTH'S GRAND HOTEL.

Beatenberg.—GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA.

Chateau D'Oex.—
GRAND HOTEL & HOTEL BERTHOD.

Geneva.—GRAND HOTEL DE LA PAIX.

Kandersteg.—THE GRAND HOTEL.

Lausanne.—
LAUSANNE PALACE BEAUSITE HOTEL.

Lugano.—HOTEL METROPOLE-MONOPOLE.

Montreux.—EDEN GRAND HOTEL.

Montreux-Territet.—THE GRAND HOTEL.

Ouchy-Lausanne.—HOTEL DU CHATEAU. (New Management.)
PARC HOTEL.

Vevey.—THE GRAND HOTEL & PALACE.
PARK HOTEL MOOSER.

Vickery's

fur sale

Select from one of London's finest collections and at the same time save a quarter to a half of what you would usually have to pay. Every garment is straight from Vickery's regular stock.

SABLE SQUIRREL COATS

A limited number only made from finest quality sable squirrel rumps. Silkily smooth and soft, and light to wear. Lined with rich crêpe de Chine to tone. Usual price during season 45 guineas.

SALE PRICE 29 GNS

Some of the finest bargains are individual bargains. Come and make a personal selection.

Percy Vickery Ltd

235 REGENT ST LONDON W1

Maison Nicol

HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED *the* ADVANTAGE it would be to yourself to possess so perfect a Transformation as created by the Maison Nicol? If not, would it not be wise to do so now? It may save you much regret later.

Ladies' own hair permanently waved by our perfected process which dispenses with the use of electric heaters. Charming results ensured.

Please write for Catalogue

The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas. Shingled headdress from 20 Gns.

MAISON NICOL

170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Two minutes from Piccadilly end of Bond Street

Telephone: REGENT 6358 Telegrams: POSTICHEUR, LONDON

OUR INSTALMENT PLAN OF PAYMENT IS AVAILABLE IF PREFERRED

BY APPOINTMENT

WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1

Established 1766

Winter Sale

Now On **of smart up-to-date Frocks and Overblouses**

CLEARANCE BARGAINS

Inspection Cordially Invited

OUR SALE BOOK *will be sent Post Free on request.*

BM 12X. A CHARMING "WALPOLE" CREATION IN SILK CREPE-DE-CHINE of nondescript designs and colourings. Collar, cuffs and hem of skirt finished plain Crepe-de-Chine in contrasting shade give the master touch. The low price is an added fascination Sizes 44 and 46 . .

SALE PRICE **75/9**

BM 12X

We Pay Carriage and C.O.D. Fees within the British Isles.

PETER ROBINSON

SALE

Commences

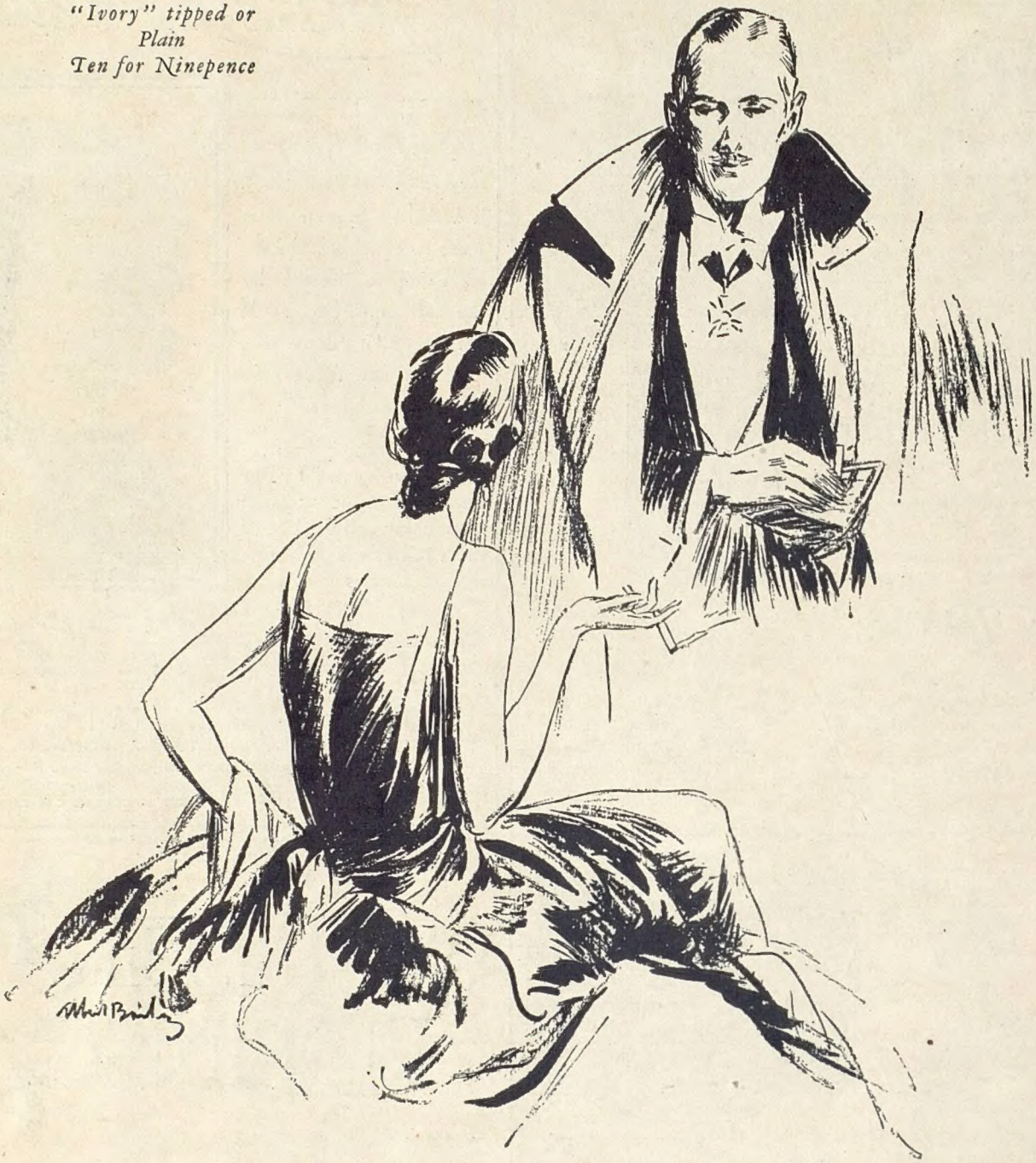
Monday next,

10th January.

No Catalogue Issued.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1.

"Ivory" tipped or
Plain
Ten for Ninepence



The 'Ivory' tip is the greatest improvement in cigarette-making of our time, and the cigarette it adorns is without question at the very head of its class . . . the divine De Reszke—of course!

DE RESZKE
Virginias

THE CHOICE FOR THE VOICE

Other De Reszke Cigarettes include *American*, 25 for 1/10; *American de Luxe* (Hand Made), 25 for 2/-; and *Tenor* (Turkish), 25 for 3/2.

"OLD COMFORT"

We all call him "Old Comfort," although "The Renown" is his official and more dignified title. Visitors to Barkers take to him instinctively, such an atmosphere of sturdiness and ease surrounds him. To sit down and feel the springiness of his double springs, the resiliency of his hair stuffing, the richness of his Damask covering, is to make of him a friend for life. Yes, we're proud of "Old Comfort"—we produce him in our own Factory—we know his pedigree.

Overall depth, 3ft.
Width over arms, 3ft.
Depth of seat, 2ft.

£8 · 10s.

Carriage paid to nearest station in England or Wales

BARKERS

FURNISHING STORE
KENSINGTON, W.8

BTS4A

JOHN BARKER & CO. LTD.

WESTERN 5432

A GIFT

THAT WILL SEE

The NEW YEAR IN

AND

The NEW YEAR OUT

A Year's Subscription to

THE BYSTANDER

is £3.3.0 post free from

Publisher: 6, Great New Street, E.C.4

Label his clothes as you would label his luggage—*for safety!*

"Safety first" should be your motto when marking school outfits. The neat little Cash's label, so legible, so distinctive, is always a safeguard against loss.

Always Mark SCHOOL OUTFITS with

CASH'S NAMES

Woven on fine cambric tape in any of the following colours:—Red, Black, Green, Gold, Sky, Navy, or Mauve.

DOUGLAS HAIG

Style No. 8.

12 doz. (144 names) 5/- 6 doz. (72 names) 3/9 3 doz. (36 names) 2/9

School numbers and special marks can be obtained with name on same tape at a small extra cost.

Supplied at short notice by all drapers and outfitters.

Samples and full list of Styles free on application.

J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. P.9), COVENTRY.

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES TIPPED WITH CORK OF PURE NATURAL GROWTH

"His favourite brand — and mine"!

Player's

10 for 6D
50 for 2/5

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

20 for 11½
100 for 4/8

Reg. No. 154011

P.1410

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.—January 5, 1927.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Agency, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.